THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 14. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GALLANT MONTANA.

Magnificent Celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the Famous Mining City of Butte.

The Parade and Other Exercises—Banquet of the Irish-American Club at the M'Dermott Hotel.

Speeches of Messrs. Maguire, McHatton, Finerty, Walsh, Quinn and Others.

A Red Letter Day in Irish-American Circles.

(*Butte Miner and Anaconda, (Mont.) Standard, March 18.*)

Not in years before has Butte seen a St. Patrick's Day without mud. When the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians started on their parade the streets were dried, the sun was bright and it was a St. Patrick's Day such as does not come once in many years.

It was a green day. Every Irishman and hundreds of other nationalities wore the green, the ladies were decked with green ribbons, and the hackmen and the teamsters honored their horses with the color of Ireland.

It was 8 o'clock yesterday morning when the Emmet Guards and the Ancient Order Hibernians left Hibernia Hall in Centerville and began the march to Walkerville. There were about 500 men in line, and they marched up to Walkerville and down Main street to Butte, through Main street to Park and to St. Patrick's Parochial school, where the first halt was made.

On the steps of the school building appeared eight little misses dressed in white and green, who gathered around Miss Theresa Courtenay, who represented the "Maid of Erin." Miss Courtenay was bedecked with shamrocks and stood on a pedestal behind a tastefully decorated harp and a pillar representing a broken column, which was hung with shamrocks and green ribbons. The octette of misses recited "Our Banner, Our Land and Our Shamrock," and were heartily applauded. Then they sang "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" to the accompaniment of piano, guitar and violin.

The standard bearer of the Emmet Guards then marched up the steps of the building, where eight little boys dressed in green caps and wearing sashes stood with wreaths of laurel fastened together, with strips of red, white and blue ribbon. The laurels were placed on top of the banner and were tied in place while the band played patriotic airs.

The procession again formed in line and marched to St. Patrick's church. The edifice was crowded with people anxious to hear Father Larkin, of All Hallows College, Salt Lake City. The reverend gentleman reminded his hearers of how the day should be celebrated and of the fact that on every continent Irishmen are today giving praise to their patron saint. He sketched the life of St. Patrick and told of his episcopate, closing with an account of how the Irish had carried their faith to every clime, and even along the banks of the Ganges the Irish people may be found, while in every city from Maine to California a church can be found dedicated to their patron saint.

After the sermon the procession filed out and, led by the Emmet Guards band, proceeded to St. James' Hospital, where the band played national airs. The line of march was then resumed to Hibernia Hall in Centerville.

MR. FINERTY'S SPEECH.

Crowds Gather at Maguire's Opera House to Hear Him.

John F. Finerty, the brilliant orator, added greatly to his popularity among the Irishmen of Butte by his wonderfully interesting speech on Daniel O'Connell, delivered in the Opera House in the afternoon. Mr. Finerty created a most favorable impression here a short time ago by his address on Emmet, but his former success was more than redoubled on this occasion. The speaker had his hearers with him heart and soul from the start, and the outbursts of applause were both frequent and long continued, and at the end of the address three rousing cheers were given for Mr. Finerty with a vigor that threatened to raise the roof from the building.

The speaker was introduced by P. J. Brophy, and was greeted with a round of applause which continued for several minutes. He bowed his acknowledgments and opened his address by saying that although Daniel O'Connell, the Lincoln of Ireland, had been laid in his grave for nearly forty-five years, the history of his stirring deeds and the memory of his noble life still lived in all Irish hearts almost as strongly as in the troublous times during which the hero lived. He said: "The majority of the Irish people, though devoted to the Catholic faith, are the most liberal people in the world, and during the past three centuries their renowned leaders have been of the Protestant faith, with only one exception. During that time there has been only one great Irish leader of Catholic faith, and we do not more truly honor our patron saint, whose memory we are celebrating, than that young, noble Protestant who gave his heart's blood for Ireland, Robert Emmet."

The speaker then referred feelingly to the hardships and troubles and tyranny which Ireland had undergone since 1172, referring to Queen Elizabeth and to James VI as the meanest of the English monarchs, and to Oliver Cromwell as the greatest ruler and tyrant England ever had. He said: "Cromwell came over and swept Ireland from one end to the other, leaving the persecuted people nowhere to lay their heads except among the crags and bogs of the barren western shore. King James II was the only monarch England ever had who wanted to rule Ireland from an Irish standpoint. He gave Ireland a parliament in which the Catholics and Protestants were represented according to their numbers, and for this he was fought against in his own country and by the members of his own family, until he was finally forced to leave England in the dead of night and seek refuge in Ireland, and to the everlasting credit of Irishmen be it said the refuge which he sought was not denied him.

Mr. Finerty then referred in bitter terms to the penal laws, under which the Irish Catholic could not own property in fee simple, could not be the guardian of his own child, could not be a lawyer or a doctor, could not be anything in fact but a day-laboring man and a slave. The bravery of the Irish troops was in the mouths of everybody the world over, and yet the people at home were ground down to the earth by the English penal laws. In 1793 the Irish senate swept away five sixths of the Catholic penal laws and gave them the privilege of free worship, of which they have been robbed for over 100 years. This law was passed by Protestants, and Mr. Finerty said the Irish Catholics should never forget this fact. He said: "There never was a time when the Irish Catholics and Protestants couldn't get along together if it were not for the infamous interference of England. Irish Protestants and Catholics can get along just as well as American Protestants and Catholics, or the Americans and the Germans, or the Americans and all other nationalities who seek a home within our broad domains, were it not that England is continually stirring up religious quarrels and differences among the Irish in order that by fighting among themselves they may be the more easily conqured. At about the time when Ireland was in her greatest troubles, Daniel O'Connell appeared on the scene, fresh from Saint Omer, and soon drew the eyes of the whole people toward him by his love for Ireland, his independent spirit and his indomitable will. The first important thing that O'Connell did was to point to the evil effects which would be sure to follow a proposed union with England, and to show how impossible it would be for Ireland to prosper under the union. He refused to listen to the compromise proposed by the English minister and favored by Henry Grattan and Keogh, and organized association after association and finally by his own efforts, backed up by the clergy and people, he organized the entire country into an association, whose aim and object and determination were to have their rights. In spite of all the influence of England and the money of the Irish land lords, O'Connell was elected to the imperial parliament from the county Clare, although he had to be elected twice on account of a law passed after he was first returned. In 1829 the Catholic emancipation law was passed, but in it was a most fatal clause, which disfranchised the 40 shilling freeholders,' as they were called who had elected O'Connell. In accepting the law O'Connell felt that he had secured not the desired reality, but a shadow.

"For eighteen years Ireland was free," said Mr. Finerty, "and in that time her wealth increased ten-fold and her importance abroad five-fold. England couldn't brook this and the Union bill was passed which has been the ruin of Ireland. In 1820, as a result of this bill, nine-tenths of all Irish manufactures were destroyed and in 1825 there remained only the linen industry, with which England could not compete and a few other unimportant ones. In 1800 the Irish debt was £20,000,000. In 1816 the English government, false to its most solem promises and agreements at the time of the union, had heaped upon it a debt of £120,000,000. Daniel O'Connell saw that this measure would end as it ended in the total bankruptcy of Ireland, and he appealed to his countrymen to wear their own home made goods and not patronize the English factories in any way. He, himself, never wore a stitch of English goods from 1829 until the time of his death in 1847."

Mr. Finerty dwelt at length upon the opportunity of the Irish people to have achieved their independence in 1843, when their population was 8,500,000 000, against the 20,000 000 of England, Scotland and Wales combined, and said that the Irish could easily have conquered. He spoke of the great famine and said that Ireland always had raised five times enough to feed all its inhabitants, were it not that it nearly all goes to England to pay the outrageous rents and taxes. He said: "O'Connell died at Genoa of a broken heart, with his mission unfulfilled, and leaving his country in a condition so abject that it was the by word of nations. It is always better to make a gallant resistance than to surrender to a tyrant. O'Connell, great man as he was, committed unpardonable heresy in telling the people that it was wrong to resort to arms."

Mr. Finerty paid a glowing tribute to the genius of O'Connell, and said that to this day pilgrims lay wreaths on his coffin, which is daily exposed in Glasnevin cemetery, near Dublin. In his denunciation of the English the speaker was very severe. He said: "Although O'Connell lies there in the dust, although the cause for which he fought is still struggling along in defeat and misfortune, the tower of his memory still points heavenward, reminding the world that the Irish will never give up the fight until the programme of O'Connell has been fulfilled. The hatred of the Irish race follows the English drumbeat around the world. Whether under the northern star or the southern cross, whether in the diamond fields of Africa or the mines of America, whether in Chili or Nova Zembia, wherever the Irish spirit glows, hatred of the English and contempt for England go hand in hand. I do not believe that England will ever surrender what Ireland wants until it is taken away from her in the same way that Americans made England surrender their rights. I do not say we can do it now, for it would be foolish, but empires greater than England have been crushed and the God of justice never sleeps. I firmly believe that the good old cause of Ireland will triumph and that we shall some day visit our dear old home to see the Irish senate house occupied by Irish legislators, sitting to make Irish laws and waving above them in all its beauty will be the symbol of our hope and the idol of our glory through thousands and thousands of years."

Mr. Finerty closed by reciting the following verse of the "Wearing of the Green":

And since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons cannot forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish still, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When "law" can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show;
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

AT HIBERNIA HALL.

An Interested Audience Listens to the Address of Father Larkin.

The Rev. Father Larkin delivered to a crowded house at Hibernia Hall, Butte, an eloquent oration on "The Glories of Ireland, the Land of Saints and Scholars." The eloquent orator sketched the persecutions to which the Irish people have been subjected. Through these terrible persecutions they have proven themselves faithful to their country and their God. The speaker portrayed the scholastic reputation of Ireland during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries, when foreigners from all parts of the world came to her shores to learn wisdom at the feet of her sages. Ireland's worst enemies, said the speaker, are of her own race. Her bitterest foes are the sons who have been nurtured on her own soil. The Irish are able to hold their own in any country under the sun. The gallant sons of Ireland fought and bled for the glorious Stars and Stripes from Jackson in the war of 1812, down to the heroes of Irish descent who gave up their lives in the civil war, to uphold the Union. The cleverest lawyers, journalists and statesmen of England today are Irishmen of Irish descent. The best comedy ever written was from the pen of an Irishman—Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The greatest orator was an Irishman, Edmund Burke. The greatest living lawyer in England today is a son of Ireland, Sir Charles Russell. The speaker exhorted all Irishmen to be true to the Stars and Stripes, and he said that Ireland turns with hopeful trust to America, to whose grandeur she has contributed so much.

The lecture closed with an interesting review of St. Patrick's work and an instructive talk about the significance of the shamrock.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB.

Its First Annual Reception at M'Dermott's a Grand Success.

One of the most enjoyable and appropriate celebrations of the day was the first annual banquet of the Irish-American Club of Butte, which was held at The McDermott. The club has been but recently organized, and embraces in its roster of membership the names of most of the representative Irish-American residents of Butte. The association is officered as follows: President, John Maguire; vice-presidents, P. J. Brophy, Patrick Conlon, J. E. Dawson, William McDermott, Patrick Kane, John J. O'Meara, Dennis Driscoll, J. J. Haggerty; secretary, R. D. Walsh; treasurer, J. H. McQueeney.

One of the principal objects in forming the club was to introduce the time-honored custom of an annual banquet, which obtains in most of the cities throughout the country. It was not intended that this should in the least interfere with the other celebrations, but was in deference to an opinion held by many that a banquet, with its attendant speeches and festivities, was the proper thing.

Having decided upon a bar quet, it was also decided that it should be worthy of the occasion, and The McDermott was instructed to prepare it. Mr. Wey obeyed orders, and the result was a spread that, it can safely be said, was fit for the palate of the most refined epicure.

The spacious dining hall of the hotel was called into requisition for the event and it was elaborately decorated with flags and festoonings, the American colors being intertwined with the Irish green. The table was a horse-shoe, the curve being at the north end of the hall near the stage. Covers were laid for 100 and nearly that number were present.

When in readiness for the commencement signal the table presented a beautiful appearance. The snowy linen was relieved with glistening glass, decorated china and shining silver, and they in turn had a set-off in the pyramids of natural flowers, luscious fruits and rare confections on the tables. The menu only embraced six courses, but each was a rare delicacy, prepared in the best style of culinary art and was duly enjoyed by the partakers. The wines, too, were selected with excellent taste and judgment and exactly fitted the edibles with with which they were served. The following was the menu:

Oysters in Shell.
Consomme.
Green Sea Turtle.
Broiled Pompano, Maitre d'Hotel.
Celery. Pommes Dauphin. Amontillado.
Filet de Bouf Pique, a la chateaubriand.
French Peas.
Cucumbers, New Tomatoes. Chateau Margaux.
Terrapin, Maryland Style.
Asparagus.
Punch, St. Patrick.
Supreme of Pheasant, Au Cresson.
Lettuce Mayonnaise.
Moet et Chandon. Brut Imperial.
Charlotte Russe, Chese.
Ice Cream, Washington. Mixed Cakes.
Cheese—Brie and Roquefort.
Crackers.
Strawberries and Cream.
Coffee. Cognac, 1842.

The card itself was a work of art and contained in addition to the menu the list of officers of the club, the set toasts and the names of those who had been invited to respond. Introductory to these was the sentiment: "The nation's strength is in the people; the nation's prosperity is in their prosperity; the nation's glory is in the equality of her justice; the nation's perpetuity is in the patriotism of all her people."

The card bore a handsomely embossed harp and shamrocks in green and the lettering was all in green and red. Red, white and blue and green narrow ribbons bound the two portions of the card.

An orchestra of six pieces composed of members of the Boston and Montana band was in attendance, and when the hour for the beginning of the feast had arrived the guests entered the bar quet hall to the music of an appropriate air, and as they took seats the band struck up "St Patrick's Day in the Morning," which was greeted with applause.

The following gentlemen were the guests of the occasion: J. J. Haggerty, John O'Meara, Miles Finlen, Lieut. Ahern of Deer Lodge, Dr. Leonard, Joseph Laird, J. H. Leyson, J. E. Dawson, T. F. Courtney, Patrick Kane, Jerry Cooney, Capt. John Branagan, J. P. Kerrigan, Patrick Conlon, John Caplice, William McDermott, J. M. Quinn, Chet Byrnes, Michael O'Farrell, Jere Mullins, Emmet Clare, Fitz Butler, J. M. White, R. D. Walsh, Charles Folliott, John F. Finerty, George E. McGraw, J. W. Cotter, Jeff Lanzier, Ed. Daly, Mayor Mueller, W. W. Wadsworth, S. H. Courtney, John Maguire, John Curran, Con Sullivan, J. H. McQueeney, Owen Dugan, Edward M. Monk, P. J. Donohue, Joseph Dolan, P. J. Hamilton, John McMurray, Laurence Daly of Helena, J. R. Bordeaux, P. A. Largey, E. H. Sherman, James Layden, Judge McHatton, Mr. Grey of the Hennessy Mercantile Company, Dennis Driscoll, P. H Farrell, P. J. Brophy, Geoff Lavell, D J. Hennessy and many others. Mr. Finerty was placed at the right hand of the chairman, and Judge McHatton at his left.

It was fully 12 o'clock before the menu had been disposed of and the cigars brought in.

MR. MAGUIRE'S SPEECH.

John Maguire, the toastmaster, then announced that every nation devoted one day in the year to a national holiday. So we of Irish birth or descent from the orient to the occident celebrate St. Patrick's day and look lovingly to the land we left behind us, and may God save Ireland. A pathetic word picture was then given, as scenes from which the heart of man could not be sundered without thrilling every chord, and where no such feeling is experienced the man is no loss to the land he has left, nor good to the land he goes to. The English motto, "My God and My King," and that of Ireland, "My God and My Country," were compared. The arrival in pagan Ireland of St. Patrick and his missionary work were spoken of, and the incidents of the shamrock and its adoption as the emblem of the nation were described. The spread of Christianity by Irish missionaries was recited until the Danish and other invasions came. Then came the conquest, the downfall of the church in Ireland, and the terrible epoch that followed; but hope never died, and they lived and yet live in the hope that their land will take its place among the nations of the earth.

Referring to the emancipation, he regretted one feature of it had never been given—he meant Maynooth—but in spite of it there never had been a time when the rank and file of the priesthood and the people were not a unit on the national question. There was one thing that was granted, for which he thanked God, and that was the national schools. He closed with expressing the wish that the day would soon come when Emmet's epitaph might be written.

R D WALSH'S SPEECH.

The first toast, "The Day We Celebrate," was announced, and Richard D. Walsh was introduced in flattering terms by the toast master, but he got even by firing at Mr. Maguire Father Prout's verse to the "Blarney Stone." This was Mr. Walsh's first appearance in Butte as a speaker, and his address was a feature of the evening. It was a beautiful, happy, and polished response, and the young scholar was given an ovation after its delivery and was frequently interrupted by applause. His toast was "The Day We Celebrate." Mr. Walsh spoke as follows:

The day we celebrate is the national festival of the scattered Irish race. To night, wherever an Irishman or the descendant of an Irishman lives, who loves the history and traditions of his race, whether it be beneath the southern cross of Australia, amid Canadian forests or in the glorious mountains of our own matchless Montana, his mind will instinctively turn to the associations and memories of St. Patrick's Day.

Every nation honors the memory of its illustrious dead.

Switzerland loves to commemorate the valiant deeds of Hofer and Tell.

Greece still keeps in loving remembrance the immortal three hundred who perished at Thermopylæ and the glorious phalanx who conquered at Marathon. Joan of Arc is a household word in every French home.

As long as the heather blooms on its hills, Scotland will cherish the names of Wallace and Bruce, and will remember the glories of Bannockburn.

But although St. Patrick was not a military chief of the country to which he brought the blessings of Christianity, it will always revere and honor his memory on each recurring anniversary of this, the day we celebrate.

Thirteen hundred years and more have gone by since the great apostle met the druids and princes of the ancient Milesian dynasty on the hill of Tara, but the memory of his virtues and noble deeds has become purer and brighter as the centuries roll on.

There is no Irish landscape without an ivy-clad ruin, hoary and gray with the withering hand of time.

Amid the mountains of Wicklow—the home of many a gallant cavalier—by the "Emerald isles and winding bays" of Killarney, at Armagh, Clonmacnoise and Lismore stand many a mouldering sanctuary, mute but eloquent testimony to the time when Ireland was the lamp that gave the light of knowledge to Europe and when Alfred the Great came as a pilgrim to her shores.

To the genius and piety and indefatigable labors of St. Patrick are due those marvelous institutions that sent scholars and missionaries throughout Europe and that gave the Green Isle the title of "Island of Saints and Sages."

And whatever may have been the faults and follies and misfortunes of the Irish race it has in victory and defeat, in prosperity and in adversity, clung with a tenacity, that even its most relentless foes admired, to the doctrines and the teachings of St. Patrick.

But the day we celebrate has a political as well as a religious significance. It is an occasion on which we renew our allegiance to the principles of Irish liberty, and on which we send fraternal greeting and encouragement to our kindred beyond the sea. By allegiance to the principles of Irish liberty I mean our determination to aid by every means consistent with our duty and loyalty to the government and institutions of the United States—for we are first of all and above all American citizens—to aid I say the gallant men now struggling in the dear old land against their cruel and hereditary foe.

Other nations have bowed their heads to the yoke of the conqueror and lost their identity, but from the days of the Second Henry to those of Victoria, the Irish people have never ceased to battle for their political rights. And as long as the English flag floats on the turrets of Dublin castle; as long as a foreign army of occupation tramples on the liberties of the people, so long will the Anglo-Irish warfare continue in one form or another.

In view of the fact that there are many eloquent speakers to follow me whom you are all anxious to hear, I will conclude by expressing a hope that the time is not far distant when the day we celebrate will be a national festival, not of a country yet in bondage, but of one which, having emerged from the gloom and sorrows of seven hundred years, shall take its rightful place as a sovereign power among the nations of the earth.

"When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who nobly stood
Three hundred men and three men;
And still I prayed I yet might see
Her fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province,
Be a nation once again."

[Prolonged applause.]

Judge McHatton next responded to the toast, "The President of the United States." The young Democratic judge made a humorous Republican speech, and his remarks occasioned a murmur of surprise all around, and he was roundly applauded. Among other things he said:

"The president, in his personality, is an honor to his country. The president of the United States is not only greatly honored, but in his position he is greater than any king or kaiser. When the people offered to Washington the presidency, they offered to him more than did the Romans to Cæsar, who offered him a crown."

After reviewing some of the early struggles for independence, the speaker reverted to President Harrison and said "he has given us a protective tariff and is enunciating its principles. A protective tariff brings the best returns for American labor, and that is what the people want." He thought President Harrison was for free silver, though he has not said so, but he had no doubt if he were to come to the West and interview the people, and secure their reasons for asking for free silver, that he would be for it and in favor of it. He complimented the occupant of the white house on his lofty patriotism and cited his action in the Chilian affair. He had confidence that the president would do as well in the present controversy with Salisbury over the Bering sea dispute, and hoped, that as in the Chili affair, President Harrison would issue another ultimatum. He said that the president's past record leaves the hope that his usefulness for the good of this country is not now at an end, and that record will be considered in calling upon him to serve again.

The president is not only the first citizen of the country, but the first citizen of the world. The president in his personality is an honor to the country and to himself. It has been the good fortune of the people that from the first to the last the presidents of the United States have challenged the admiration of the world and put to shame many of the potentates and princes of other lands. When our forefathers proclaimed the principle of liberty, it became necessary for some one to lead in the contest for freedom and against a monarch who knew no mercy. The leader was found worthy of the cause, the people and himself. He was found and led them to victory, and in their joy the people offered him a prize greater than was offered to a Cæsar, the presidency of the United States.

Reference was made to the war of 1812 and the statement made that from that time to this Europe and its kings had kept hands off. (Applause) A president of the United States by the proclamation of emancipation freeing 5 000,000 slaves had done more than any king had ever done. (Applause) In later days a president of the United States had given us the all-important topic of tariff to become educated upon.

The president of the United States would exist as long as the Republic, and that would be as long as the people were true to the principles of right and justice upon which it is founded. He did not believe the day was far distant when our northern neighbors and others on the continent will offer us their allegiance. Thus would the country be larger and the duties of the president be greater, but he would be equal to it. In conclusion he said that he had an idea that his being called upon was for the purpose of having himself express an opinion as to his candidacy for president. He would not be caught in any such trap, but would willingly be interviewed by press representatives upon the subject.

The band then played an air, and the third toast, "Ireland, a Nation," was announced amid applause and Hon. John F. Finerty called upon to respond.

MR FINERTY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Finerty upon arising was greeted with long applause. He said that Ireland in its woods and tenses had been ably discussed. If an English statute could accomplish its purpose Ireland would not be on the map, but fortunately God was ahead of England, and had put it there. It seemed somewhat absurd to say that Ireland is a nation, yet it was a fact. Ireland a nation would mean a reversal of things. It would mean that all the genius of Ireland would not need to go abroad to seek a home and recognition. (Applause) It would mean that in her widowed capital there would be an Irish nation to lift her head, and not be what she is, the veriest beggar in the world. When in congress he had gone to a diplomatic reception and saw there the representatives of nearly all nations in the world, but there was no Irish uniform there. Yet the president then in the chair (Arthur) was the son of an Irishman. He referred in eloquent terms to leading Irish-Americans whose names are historical, and the mention of each was received with unbounded applause.

And when he saw that all the petty courts were represented, but Ireland was not there, he said there must be something wrong in Irish policy. The banquet of tonight was splendid, yet it was not the time. It was a specimen of American hospitality, but something more than banquets were needed. We needed patriotic endeavor. There were all over the world Irishmen who were able to shake England to the center. It had been said that war was wrong. So it was, sometimes, but there were times when there was nothing so good as a genuine first-class war. He was not in favor of a foreign war, not even for Ireland, for that would be against his conscience as an American unless it was for the assertion of American rights or honor.

Since he had been out here he had heard much talk of silver and the tariff, but silver or no silver, tariff or no tariff, he would say that nowhere on God's green footstool were the people so well paid, so well fed, well housed or so happy as in the United States.

Any means Ireland should adopt, any alliance she could make or would make would be justifiable, and if anything should come of the Bering sea matter we would say in the language of Wolfe Tone, give us the ships and we will give you 250,000 men and land them wherever you want them landed on Irish soil. Their only desire as Irishmen was to see the foreign yoke lifted from the neck of their country and have it governed and ruled by its own people as are other nations. To accomplish that we must bend all our efforts and unite to accomplish our purpose—that Ireland might stand forth as a queen among the nations prosperous, happy and independent. (Loud applause and cheers.)

The next toast was "America, the Land of Our Adoption;" response by J. M. Quinn.

MR QUINN'S SPEECH.

As soon as the applause that greeted him had subsided Mr. Quinn, prefacing his remarks by reference to a recent illness, said that America had already been responded to by Mr. Finerty, but the speaker was prouder of having been born in America than of anything else in the world. Talk about your heroes, where do you find them? When England came here to conquer us, the poor half-starved colonists met and conquered them. "America"—what more appropriate toast on the 17th of March? "America"—where else could the down-trodden Irish go? He admired the Irishman who came here yesterday and was a statesman tomorrow. It had been said that an Irishman fired the first gun in the revolution. Why should he not, for hatred of England was inbred in him and would be so long as he lived. In speaking of Irishmen, he said he did not sympathize with them in America, for they needed no sympathy. They could take care of themselves and push to the front. They could occupy positions from senators to policemen in congress, and yet people said Ireland was not capable of self-government. It was curious.

The great good done by this young America in giving to the world the great inventions, which he named, was descanted upon. It had been said that we must draw the line at art and music, but he would remind them that the sweetest song that was ever written was by an American, John Howard Payne, "Home, Sweet Home," the toast was too big for so small a man. When he looked at the splendid physique of Mr. Finerty he felt that the toast should have been assigned to him, and to tell the truth he had responded to it nobly. Referring to emblems and flowers, it had been said that America had no national flower, but it had, and it was the sweet and everlasting flower of liberty. (Applause)

The bands played the "Star Spangled Banner," and led by John Curran the national hymn was sung by the assemblage.

MR COTTER'S SPEECH.

"The State of Montana" was the next toast, and it was responded to by J. W. Cotter, who said the toast conveyed to him a feeling of pride at the splendor of the land in which we live. One hundred years ago the United States comprised thirteen colonies, and if any one had said to our forefathers that such an assemblage in such a place would be possible he would be looked upon as the wildest of dreamers. But fate took the star of empire westward. The name of the State of Montana contains an idea of its boundless resources,

(Continued on the Fifth Page.)

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fonteney.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

On his way back to Rappa Fergus fell in with no less a personage than his schoolmate, Murty McAndrew, who went into an ecstacy of delight on seeing him.

"By the piper, I'm as glad as a thrush to meet you! Sure I was mortal afraid that by this you were taken by that big-headed bodagh that set fire to your house last night. Man alive, he and his dragoons were jumping mad for your giving them the slip so handy. They spent the night galloping like the devil about the parish, hammering at doors, and searching every house for that old school master of ours. But sure the omadhawns, bad luck to them! had their bother all for nothing—they might as well have looked for a leprechaun as for Malachi. I'm thinking it'll be Samhain night anyhow before we'll be troubled again with the bit of chalk and the 'pons asinorum.'"

The evening was far advanced when Fergus, after parting company with the facetious Murty, re-entered the friendly portals of Rappa. Learning that the owner had retired to his chamber, that Father O'Dowd was at his devotions, and Marion in the garden, he seated himself in the solitude of an antique chamber, placing his chair in the recess of a window looking down upon the lawn in front.

Not long was he in this position when he beheld two horsemen ride into the courtyard and dismount. Both were young men. One was dressed in the scarlet gold laced uniform of a British officer. Both wore three-cornered hats trimmed with white lace, and had their hair gathered and bound behind with a knot of ribbon in the manner of the period.

He saw old Phelim advance and take their horses' reins, and then both entered the castle. Presently he heard their foot steps in the corridor without, and now, rather to his consternation, they entered the very department where he sat.

"Here we are. Sit down, Lindsay, and be at home—though do you know what? —if the old fellow knew you were here there'd be the very deuce of a row. Confound it! its too bad that one should be grudged entertaining his friends in his own house. Try our wine."

There was a jingle of flagons and glasses as the speaker opened a cupboard and placed some liquor on the table.

"You are hospitable to rashness, my dear fellow," drawled a rather sneering and effeminate voice; "but this stuff is not so strong as what we had last night."

"At your place—oh, *que voles vous?*—you must not expect very princely cheer from the cellar of a poor papist"—there was a strange spice of bitterness in the tone. "Yours *was* very brain-addling stuff, as was evident by my play at lansquenet. See here, Guy, you have the luck of the fiend himself. What is my debt?"

"Only two hundred, which with the previous seven hundred and odd brings you close to the thousand."

"A thousand pounds!—by my bankrupt pockets I shall never be able to pay you, at least while I am at the mercy of this old miser."

"I suppose you mean your esteemed father—tush! 'tis he who is in your power."

"I doubt it."

"Why, Bourke, you astound me. Cannot you become master of the estate whenever you like? Five or ten minutes' reading in the church of Killala would reduce the 'old miser' to the position of your tenant for life, and make him incapable of disposing of even one square foot of the property, while you on your part could mortgage it as you thought fit. Then you could don a sword and swagger it as well as the best of us."

"You mean that I should turn Protestant?"

"Certainly—what else?"

A silent pause followed.

Fergus, whose person was concealed by the window drapings, found himself in an awkward dilemma. He did not like the role of eavesdropper, involuntary or otherwise, and coughed in order to make them aware of his presence, but they did not seem to hear the hint. He was about to rise and step forth when the next words seemed to petrify his very heart—

"I hope your sister has thought well of the invitation to the ball at Deel Castle to-night?"

"Well, Marion was very reluctant at first, but on my strongly urging her she at length agreed to accompany me there. Hullo, what noise is that?"

"I daresay, as Hamlet has it, 'a rat.' The sound came from behind those draperies."

He in civilian garb rushed towards the window and drew aside the curtains, and his color changed rapidly at the sight revealed to his gaze.

"Who are you, fellow?" he demanded furiously as O'Ronan arose and confronted him.

"Who are you and what brings you here?" again impatiently inquired Ulick Bourke—for it was the young heir of Rappa who now addressed Fergus.

"Aye, who the devil is the fellow?" drawled his companion with a contemptuous glance at the rough garments of him before them. "Infernal eavesdropper! he deserves to be brought out and dipped in the horse-pond."

Recovering from his embarrassment at those insulting words Fergus assumed a cool and resolute demeanor and spoke in accents of steady deliberation.

"I regret, gentlemen, that circumstances should have made me a reluctant listener to your conversation up to the present. In self-justification I must say I made some efforts, vain though they proved, to attract your attention to my presence. And now I presume I may retire and leave you to pursue your further discourse undisturbed."

"Not so fast, fellow—you leave not this room till you give a somewhat better account of yourself—your sword, Lindsay."

Snatching his companion's sword from its scabbard, Bourke planted himself threateningly between O'Ronan and the door.

"Now, sirrah, in the first place, your name?"

"That I must decline to give you till you inquire it in a less offensive manner. I am not to be intimidated by threats. It seems you refuse to let me pass?"

"Looks remarkably like it, I should say," said Bourke with a sardonic laugh.

"Then, to avoid unpleasantness, I think, as the guest of your father, I can afford to wait," remarked Fergus, coolly reseating himself.

His interlocutor winced at the reply.

"The guest of my father—ha! some contemptible spy, no doubt, set to watch my movements. By the breath I draw, fellow, were I sure such to be the case you should not leave this room with your miserable life!"

"I am no spy!"

"What, then, are you?" hotly inquired the uniformed officer; "will not your boorish vanity allow you to give us your name?"

"Have a care, sir! My name, boor though you call me, is an honester one than that of Lindsay of Belleek—of him whose family stands accursed by the last guardian of Moyne."

Lieut. Guy Lindsay of the Coldstream Guards, in the service of his his British Majesty, leaped to his feet with a furious imprecation and a countenance flushed with anger. He had small, sparkling eyes, a hooked nose, and thin lips, and passion distorted his features in an ugly way. His family was a notorious one for plunder and exaction, and, therefore, very unpopular. Far and wide through Tirawley was told how they had unroofed and dismantled the monastery of Moyne, taking its bell—which was said to have been the gift of a prince of Spain—from its lofty campanile, and thus earning the anathema of the guardian, Cathal Dubh O'Dowd—"I leave my blessing to all Ireland except to the Lindsays, for even the bell of Moyne has gone to add to their riches."

"May it please you, sir, to give us this honorable name which bears such transcending comparison with that of your humble servant?" bowed the exasperated officer.

"Ay, you shall have it now for your politeness, mocking sarcasm though it be—it is Fergus O'Ronan of Killibrone."

Lindsay's sharp eyes glistened with sudden satisfaction.

"Oh! my dear Mr. O'Ronan, I am delighted at th's mode of making your acquaintance. Your name sounds familiar, seeing that I heard it this morning from Cornet Tenalson, whose men were scouring the country for you last night. I have heard with all admiration of your yesterday's exploit, and now, Mr. O'Ronan, of Killibrone, I have to inform you that you are my prisoner."

Fergus was too indignant to exhibit either alarm or annoyance at this unpleasant communication. Folding his arms he faced his declared captor with an expression of deep contempt.

"'Tis well for you that you are armed," he remarked.

"Yes, 'tis well for me that I am armed and wear the king's uniform," said Lindsay markedly, "and 'tis rather unfortunate for you that you stand in the position of a rank felon. It is my duty now to see you safely secured. You shall accompany me immediately to Deel Castle. I warn you that on the slightest attempt to escape I shall assuredly cut you down; for, as I repeat, you are my prisoner."

"Oh! not your prisoner surely, Mr. Lindsay?" said an alarmed female voice, and a soft hand was laid pleadingly on Lindsay's arm. Marion Bourke had entered the room unperceived.

"My dear Miss Bourke!—how delighted I am to meet you!" exclaimed the lieutenant with a sudden change of manner, bowing with smiling courtesy to the young lady.

"Pray, do not arrest this young man," continued the latter earnestly, but with a certain tinge of hauteur in her voice; "do not make a man-catcher of yourself—there is no need for it. Fergus O'Ronan's offense is, I think, a very pardonable one, and a letter on his behalf has just gone from my father to Sir Arthur Gore."

"Indeed! You seem to interest yourself greatly on his account, Miss Bourke."

"Just like Marion," grumbled Ulick Bourke as he coolly reseated himself and filled himself a fresh goblet of wine—"always bothering herself about every ragamuffin that gets his miserable bones into a scrape."

"Please never mind him," whispered his sister to O'Ronan as she noticed the crimson flush that again leaped into his face; "never mind my brother—it is only his way."

"Only his way!" he mentally repeated, and as he looked askance at the drink-empurpled countenance of the heir of Rappa, a tale of brutal passion and violence, of shame, and sorrow, seemed told in the three words.

"Well, since it is the wish of the fair flower of Rappa, I will forego the arrest of this young man pending the decision of Sir Arthur. Anything to oblige a lady, and such a beautiful one."

Turning away from Fergus with a covert glance of animosity the speaker took Marion's hand and raised it to his lips.

"I understand we shall have the supreme happiness of seeing you at the ball tonight?" he said in a low, earnest voice.

"Yes," she replied almost mechanically, "I will be there."

From the manner of her answer it was easy to perceive that she did not look forward to Sir Arthur's entertainment with much enthusiasm or with very earnest anticipation of pleasure.

"I am inexpressibly delighted!"

And Lindsay cast his intensely yearning glance upon the sweet face of the maiden—a look, as it seemed, of rapt and utter adoration.

Fergus noticed that glance. As he did so a fierce, mad, sudden desire surged up within him to rush upon the lieutenant and hurl him to the floor; and then it was he realized that he was deeply in love—in love with Marion Bourke!

"By the book, sister mine, I fancy if you do intend to go to the ball it's about high time to prepare," said Ulick.

"I shall be ready directly. You may order round the carriage," said Marion, leaving the room.

"Curse my stupidity! I have almost forgot that I have yet to ultivate myself. *Au revoir*, Ulick," said Lindsay with sudden warmth, moving towards the door.

But ere he reached it Fergus O'Ronan passed swiftly out and hasted away along the passage.

"Hallo! anxious to take yourself out of danger, eh?" sneered the young officer, but his rival heeded him not, but hurried away, his bosom throbbing sorely with a fearful and absorbing sense of alarm.

That night there was to be a ball in Deel Castle and Marion Bourke was to be there—and that night the Rapparees were to burn Deel Castle to the ground!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Comhairle do Gaedhealaibh Chicago.

A h-Eireannuighe uaisle mór-chathrach na gaoithe,
Cé 'n doilghios no neul dubh air bith atá orraibh-se
Nach tigidh le chéile mar clannaibh aoin mhathar
Le foghluim sean teanga bhreágh bhlasda bhur sinnsear?

Tá cathair na gaoithe lán d'Eireannuighibh láidre
Ghrádhuighess a d-tir a's throidfeadh d'a saoirse,
Acht ní mian leo sean-teanga a laochraidh aitbhbeoghadh,
Ná ceol binn a m-bárd dil, bhi stuama, do chloisdin.

Má's mian le h-Eireannuighibh Chicago droch-ainm
Bheith orrtha go deo os ceann daoineadh na tíre,
Leanfaid an t-slighe air a bh-fuil siad san am so,
Gan tiontugh' riamh aisde go ti deir' a saoghal;

Oir go deimhin ní aoibhin an chál faoi a bh-fuilid
Anois anns an tír so agus thall a sean Eirinn,
A's má's mian leo uallach do chur ó n-a nguail' naibh
Eireóchaid go tapaidh chum oibre do dheunamh.

Ní'l obair is féidir leo 'nois do chur rompa
Cho mór le sean teangain a sinnsear do fhoghluim.
Gidh mór tá an mimheas ag cuid a ndroch-threoir'ibh
Air gach nidh nach g-cuireas ór buidhe in a b-pócaibh.

FINN.

THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

England Has Violated Her Treaties.

[To the Editor.]

England gave a solemn charter on Oct. 7, 1691, to the province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, which appears from the following extract from the charter: "William and Mary, by the grace of God, king and queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, etc., we do, by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, will and ordain, that the territories and colonies commonly called or known by the names of the colony of Massachusetts Bay and the colony of New Plymouth, the province of Maine, the territory called Acadia or Nova Scotia, and the said province of Maine be erected, united and incorporated, and we do by these presents unite, erect and incorporate the same into one real province by the name of the province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England." Again, in the "Treaty of Paris," 1783, England confirmed by solemn treaty her former grant to the State of Massachusetts, as follows: "Art. 2, And that all disputes which might arise in future on the subject of boundaries of the United States may be prevented, it is hereby agreed and declared that the following are and shall be their boundaries: from the northwest angle, which is formed by a line drawn due north from source of the Saint Croix to the highlands, along said highlands, which divides those rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the northwestmost head of the Connecticut River, thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude. Afterward England disputed this boundary line. The question was then submitted to the king of the Netherlands, who decided that the River St. Johns in the Province of New Brunswick should be the boundary of the United States." In 1842, by the infamous Ashburton Treaty, England acquired Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and to the present boundary of Maine, including important fisheries and the naval and coaling station of Halifax, which is connected by cable with Bermudas and the British West Indies. This gives England the power, by her great navy stationed at Halifax, Bermudas and the West Indies, to menace our commerce and the Atlantic and gulf ports!

Again, the vast territory from Oregon to Alaska, and from Hudson Bay and the Red River of the north to the Pacific Ocean, belonged to the United States by the right of prior discovery and occupation. By the Treaty of 1783 the boundary line between the United States and British America extended westward to the Lake of the Woods. Thence, by following a straight line to the Pacific Ocean, it would embrace a part of Vancouver Island and the Strait of Juan de Fuca and Puget Sound. Victoria would be an American port, and Port Moody would be cut off from the ocean as a Canadian port. England and Canada would be deprived of a coaling and naval station on the Pacific coast of North America, with no other coaling station nearer to North America than Sydney or the Samoan Islands.

England and Canada would have no sea-port on the Pacific Ocean, and the Canadian railroad could not reach the Pacific, as a connecting link between Quebec, Australia, China, Japan and the East Indies! The abandonment or surrender of the line of "Fifty-four-forty or fight" and the northwest boundary by James Buchanan, Secretary of State, in 1846, will ever be deplored by the American people. It gives England the naval port of Victoria to menace our commerce in the Pacific Ocean, as well as the American cities on the Pacific coast! All the other commercial nations of the world, except England, have adhered to their treaties with the United States. England alone acts the bully. In another article I will show what influenced the American politicians to surrender this vast territory—the peaceable surrender, dismemberment or partition of a great country without one drop of blood or the consideration of one dollar has no parallel in the history of the world! The United States has many politicians but very few statesmen. President Harrison and Mr. Blaine have not surrendered our rights to any nation. They have pursued a vigorous foreign policy. P. CUDMORE.

FARIBAULT, Minn., March 23, 1892.

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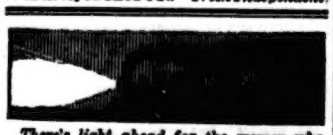
Recent events and circumstances unmistakably point to the fact that the Gaelic Athletic Association is rapidly regaining a great deal of its lost ground, and that the efforts put forth for its advancement since the Thurles convention in January are not barren in their results. The great assemblage of citizens that witnessed the final tussels for championships honors at Clonturk Park last Sunday is ample testimony to the fact that the association is once again upon its legs, and determined to carry out its noble mission of promoting the physical training of the greatest number. It must indeed have surprised many to find that after the severest contest probably ever waged for a hurling championship no single injury or even scratch could be traced upon any of the players. It is a cheering evidence that a broad and tolerant spirit is abroad and the Gaelic Athletic Association has a great prospect before it, and as long as the governing body administer the laws in a broad minded and enlightened spirit, avoiding the pitfalls of technicalities, quibbles, and the like, so long shall the association increase its power and influence over the youth of this and future generations. Indications, too, of a character tending to strengthen the hands of the central council in the government of the athletic department are observable in quarters from hitherto Gaels were only looked down upon, sneered at, or entirely snuffed out.—*Irish Independent.*



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[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 359 Broadway, N. Y. City

WALT WHITMAN DEAD.

Close of the Life Work of a Good Old Man.

HIS LAST MOMENTS WERE PEACEFUL.

The Famous Poet Had Suffered with Pneumonia Since Dec. 17 Last—Brief Sketch of His Eventful Career—Paralysis Contracted by His Attention to the Sick and Wounded During the War of the Rebellion.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.—Walt Whitman, the poet and author, who died at his home in this city at 6:45 o'clock Saturday night, had suffered since Dec. 17 last from pneumonia. His taking off was peaceful. Shortly before his death he asked that he be moved. The nurse turned him on his side and in ten minutes he was dead. Five

WALT WHITMAN.

days ago a change was noted in his condition. He seemed to be fast losing vitality and did not care for nourishment. His respiration became rapid, and there were other things noticeable showing that the end was near. Those who stood at his bedside when his spirit fled were Mrs. Mary Davis, his housekeeper; Warren Frizinger, the nurse; Lawyer Thomas B. Harned, Horace Frankeland Dr. Alexander.

Sketch of His Life.

Walt Whitman came from Holland and English immigration stock and was a son of Walter Whitman, farmer and carpenter. He was born May 31, 1819, about thirty miles from New York city, at West Hills, Suffolk county, New York. He removed early to Brooklyn and New York city, where he grew up through boyhood and young manhood. He had a plain education in the public schools, learned the trade of printer, and became an editor. He then went off for two years on a working and journeying tour through nearly every one of the middle, southern and western states, and (during the Mexican war of 1848-9) to Lousinana and Texas.

Nursed the Sick and Wounded.

Returning leisurely up the Mississippi and northern lakes back to New York city he lived and worked there until 1862, when he left for Washington and the front of the civil war. His intense and contlued personal occupation day and night for over two years following nursing the army wounded and sick, northern and southern alike, resulted in a severe prostration and paralysis at the end of the contest from which he suffered till the time of his death, though his mind remained unimpaired and he continued to write until very recently. He is author of "Leaves of Grass," a book of poems; "Specimen Days and Collect," a prose autobiography and notes of the war hospitals, and a collection of various essays, and "November Boughs," an old age compilation.

For the Entertainment of Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Senator McMillan has introduced the bill which provides for the appropriation of $100,000 to pay the proper and legitimate expenses attending the reception and entertainment of such honorably discharged Union soldiers, sailors, and marines who served in the war of the rebellion as may attend, as delegates or otherwise, the twenty-sixth national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in this city. One-half the sum named is to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, the remainder out of the revenues of the District.

Athletic Meeting at Champaign.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., March 29.—Champaign has been chosen for the holding of the annual field day of the Western International Collegiate association on Friday, May 13. Arrangements are in the hands of Frank D. Arms, Charles Kiler and James D. Phillips. Circulars have been sent to all the leading universities in the west asking their co-operation. Delegates will be present from the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and Ohio, and also from colleges of the above states.

Claims of the Baltimore Seamen.

SANTIAGO, March 29.—Minister Egan, it is said, will not move in the Carlson case, except to refer it to the state department at Washington. The claims of the Baltimore men are creating considerable discussion here. It is the general impression that when the claims are presented to the Chilian congress the sums agreed upon will be voted as not in any wise acknowledging the right of the demand, but as a charitable, humane act, similar to the precedent established by the United States in the case of the Chinese killed at Rock Springs.

More Resignations Handed In.

BERLIN, March 29.—The crisis in the Prussian ministry is renewed. It is stated that Herrfurth, minister of the interior, and Heyden, minister of agriculture, have presented their resignations. The motive is said to be the same as in the case of Caprivi, that the ministry has been discredited by the action of the kaiser in abandoning the education bill, and that it is therefore necessary, as a matter of honor, for the members of the cabinet who gave either positive or passive support to the bill, to resign.

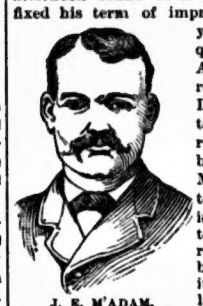
New Irish Journal.

DUBLIN, March 28.—The first issue of the amalgamated Freeman's Journal and National Press was published Monday. In an editorial it says: "Henceforth we will serve no party or clique."

FIVE YEARS IN PRISON.

End of the Trial of Dr. McAdam for Bank Robbery at Morris, Ills.

MORRIS, March 25.—The jury in the Gardner bank burglary case Thursday afternoon found McAdam guilty and fixed his term of imprisonment at five years. They acquitted Boyes. McAdam took the result coolly. When Dr. McAdam was taken from the room his wife burst into tears. McAdam stopped to console her, saying he would stick to her, but her only reply was: "I never believed you did it." The disconsolate woman followed her husband to the jail alone. McAdam displayed no sympathy, but rather upbraided her for breaking down. Dr. Boyes was discharged and accompanied his attorneys to their office. It is understood it was a close shave for him in the jury room.



J. E. M'ADAM.

SALISBURY'S REPLY.

He Promptly Answers the Last Note of President Harrison.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Lord Salisbury has given the Canadian sealers notice that so long as arbitration between the United States and England on the Behring sea dispute is not ratified they are subject to interruption in the pursuit of seals. That is what he has informed President Harrison in reply to the latter's note of the 22d inst. His lordship further says he is willing to agree to a modus vivendi similar to that of last year when the treaty is ratified, provided the question of damages on either side be left to arbitration. He denies that he has refused to do this heretofore.

Damages To Be Assessed.

Lord Salisbury objects to her majesty's government being liable for acts it has not committed, but is ready to consent to a reference on the point as follows:

"That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the British government that government may ask them further to decide whether the United States government has since 1885 taken any action in Behring sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on British subjects, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby. That in case the arbitrators shall decide in favor of the government of the United States that government may ask them to decide further whether the British government has since 1885 taken any action in Behring sea directly inflicting wrongful loss on the United States and its lessees, and, if so, to assess the damages incurred thereby."

THE TRUCK STORE LAW.

The Illinois Supreme Court Says It Is Unconstitutional.

SPRINGFIELD, March 28.—The supreme court has handed down an opinion declaring the enactment of the last legislature, known as the "truck store law," to be unconstitutional. The law was passed in the interest of miners and declared it to be unlawful for companies, corporations or persons engaged in any mining or manufacturing business in Illinois to be interested, directly or indirectly, in the keeping of a store, shop or scheme for the furnishing of supplies, tools, clothing and provisions to employes. The court holds the law to be unconstitutional on the ground that it seeks to abridge the rights of citizens to make contracts. It is difficult, the opinion says, to comprehend if there is capacity to contract for the payment of wages in money why there is not capacity to contract for payment in something else.

SILVER BILL SHELVED.

The House Reaches Adjournment Without Voting on the Measure.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—At 12:35 o'clock Friday morning the house adjourned without a vote on the free silver bill. This ended the legislative day for which the special order was made, and the Bland bill now has no more rights in the house than any other measure. The closing of the contest was marked by great excitement and bitterness. Frequently the house was in such confusion as to require tht assistance of the sergeant-at-arms to clear the floor, and the great mace, which is used only on rare occasions, was paraded up and down the aisles as a warning to turbulent members. Speaker Crisp was once compelled to vote in order to save the bill from defeat.

Turned Over to the Sugar Trust.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.—Claus Spreckels' sugar refinery has been formally turned over to the sugar trust in consideration of $7,000,000 in trust certificates. The transaction was conducted between Treasurer Searles of the trust and Claus Spreckles personally. Some time during the coming week Mr. Spreckles will leave Philadelphia for San Francisco, where he will remain.

Ground to Pieces by a Train.

CHICAGO, March 25.—John G. McComb was cut to pieces by an Illinois Central train at the foot of Peck court early Friday morning. The body was literally ground up, only the head and face remaining intact. McComb was 40 years old and was employed as night engineer at Lyon & Healy's west side factory.

Colquet Saloons Burned Out.

COLQUET, Minn., March 25.—A lamp exploded in the restaurant of Barney Eaton, on Dunlap island, where all the saloons are located, and seven saloons were destroyed. The total loss is $16,900, with $6,000 insurance. A man named Flaherty is reported to have lost his life in the fire.

Two Brothers Killed by a Train.

OSCEOLA, Ind., March 28.—Henry Boles, one of the most prominent residents of this place and his brother-in-law, Rev. H. M. Lampart of Kendallville, M. E. church, were killed while walking along the Lake Shore track by the limited passenger train.

Ohio Republican Convention.

COLUMBUS, O., March 28.—The Republican state central committee has fixed Cleveland, April 27 and 28 as the date for the Republican state convention. Hon. Charles P. Griffin of Toledo was chosen for temporary chairman of the convention.

The Yorktown at San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 28.—The United States steamer Yorktown arrived here from Chili at 9 o'clock Saturday morning.

IN DEEP WATER AT LAST.

The Steamship Eider Floated and Will Soon Be in Service Again.

LONDON, March 29.—The North German Lloyd steamship Eider, which went ashore on Atherfield rocks, off the Isle of Wight, on the night of Jan. 31, was Tuesday successfully floated off the reefs into deep water and is now being towed into Southampton. Captain Heinecke, who has stuck to his ship with never wavering confidence that it would at length be rescued, and who has labored night and day in the work, accompanied the ship to Southampton. When the Eider reached deep water and remained afloat the salvers and all present gave a cheer that made the cliffs of Wight ring again and again, and Captain Heinecke was almost overcome by his feelings.

Will Soon Be in Service Again.

He has nearly exhausted himself by his incessant efforts and shows marked signs of the anxiety he has endured for nearly two months. But for Captain Heinecke's earnest representations, it is probable that all attempts to save the Eider would have been given up, and the vessel allowed to beat itself to pieces on the rocks. As it is the Eider is considerably damaged, but the main part of the steamer is in good condition and with thorough repairs she will before long be doing service again on the ocean.

KILLED THE SILVER BILL.

Closure Not Invoked by the Committee on Rules.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The silver question is an issue of the past so far as the house of representatives is concerned. The developments of Monday clearly indicate that the all-powerful decree of closure will not be invoked by the committee on rules to assist free coinage people in forcing a final vote on the passage of the bill, and without such a decree all the resources of parliamentary law will be powerless to resurrect the bill from the cemetery of unfinished business, to which it has now been consigned.

Bland Indignant.

It was not until the house had met and passed to the consideration of uninteresting routine business that Speaker Crisp finally announced that the committee on rules would not deem it proper to report a rule preventing filibustering and forcing a vote unless a majority of the Democratic members should sign a petition demanding such an arbitrary procedure. Bland was quite indignant, and insisted upon a rule, but the speaker was obdurate and seemed to be supported by most of his prominent Democratic colleagues.

Bloomington, Ills., Women to Vote.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., March 29.—The school board election to be held in this city April 4 will present the first opportunity for the women of Bloomington to exercise the right of suffrage. A call was published for a mass-meeting of the women voters of the city to be held April 1 for the purpose of discussing the situation and the nominees, and making arrangements for taking part in this election. The school election in Bloomington is always an exciting one. The present admistration of the schools, which has been in power for many years, is headed by a woman superintendent, and there is but one man in the entire teaching force.

Woman Suffrage in Kansas.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 29.—The falling off in the registration of the female vote in the towns and cities of Kansas indicates a waning interest in the suffrage question by the women of the state. The registration of women in Topeka this year is 1,250, a reduction of nearly one-half as compared with last year. The same is true of Leavenworth, Atchison, Kansas City, Wichita, and other cities. Republicans who could not control their wives' vote last spring in the municipal contest when a Democratic mayor was elected advised their better halves this year that their proper sphere was in ruling the domestic roost.

Rev. Cotton Found Guilty.

BELFAST, March 29.—After a sensational trial, lasting several days, the Rev. Samuel J. Cotton of Carough was Tuesday found guilty of manslaughter of the boy named Browne, and of other charges of cruelty brought against him. Cotton, who is almost 70 years of age, was a rector at Carough, where he conducted an orphanage. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children investigated the orphanage and found a horrible condition of cruelty and uncleanness to exist. The death of young Brown was directly traced to these causes. Sentence upon Cotton has not yet been pronounced.

Some Pension Office Figures.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Commissioner Raum has submitted to Secretary Noble a statement of the condition of the completed files for March 21. It shows that there are now on the completed files original invalid claims, 78,749; original widows and dependents claims, 29,692—total original claims, 102,442; increase and new disabilities, 79,519. The commissioner says these claims will be drawn for adjudication in the order of the date of the filing of the last pieces of evidence making the cases complete and will constitute about five months' work for the office.

Fatal Fire in a Restaurant.

LONDON, March 29.—The burning of a restaurant at Pimlico, caused the loss of several lives. The fire broke out and spread so suddenly that exit by doors and stairways was cut off. A waiter named Hazan jumped from a window and was killed. A woman who leaped to the street was killed almost instantly. Death was already in the house when the fire came. An infant child of the waiter, Hazen, lay dead in a coffin, awaiting burial. After the flames were extinguished the firemen found the remains half destroyed by the flames.

River Firemen Have a Grievance.

ST. LOUIS, March 29.—The firemen on the river steamboats, except those employed on the Anchor line boats, have decided to go on strike unless their demands are complied with. The firemen say their grievance is based on the fact that the owners of the boats employ non-union men in violation of the agreement entered into last summer. The firemen claim that the marine engineers, roustabouts, and longshoremen will go out on Thursday, but these organizations deny that assertion, although it is known that they contemplate a strike.

Illness of Justice Lamar.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—Justice Lamar of the United States supreme court is seriously ill at his residence in this city, and his friends are very much alarmed at his condition.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Items of Interest Condensed for the Busy Reader.

As a result of disappointment in love, Miss Nora Denise killed herself with a revolver at Indianapolis.

During a storm the bark Sylvan, from Barbadoes, was driven ashore off Cranberry Head, N. S., and five men were drowned.

Nearly all the English coal miners who quit work Macth 12, with the exception of 92,000 men in Durham, have resumed work.

Collectors of Canadian ports have been ordered to see that the pork products of American hogs slaughtered or cured in bonds be not branded and exported as Canadian.

Snow is eight inches deep in parts of South Dakota. Fierce storms have also prevailed in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska.

North Dakota is said to be receiving more from the sale of school lands than was ever received by any other state.

Ex-Solicitor General W. H. Taft has taken the oath of office as circuit judge of the United States for the Sixth judicial circuit, at Cincinnati.

The visible supply of wheat is given as 41,143,000 bushels, of which 31,237,754 bushels are in the northwest. The corn in sight aggregates 12,272,000 bushels.

The ship Great Admiral arrived at Boston from Melbourne Monday laden with 5,840 bales of wool, the largest cargo of wool ever landed at that port.

In a ball game at Hot Springs the Cleveland team defeated the Chicagos, 18 to 15, making eleven runs in the eighth inning.

The czar has bestowed a gift upon Captain Sargeant, the commander of the steamer Indiana, which took a cargo of provisions from Philadelphia to Labau for Russian famine sufferers.

Senator Stanford in a letter to C. W. Williams of Independence, Ia., says that he is tempted to match Palo Alto against Allerton.

An epidemic is raging among horses in Montana and outside veterinary aid is being called in.

* * *

Burglars blew open J. D. Conklin's safe at Kentland, Ind., and secured $150. They escaped on a stolen hand car into Illinois.

A woman named McDonald was killed by four dogs that were fighting and that she tried to separate at Ballynahinch, Ireland.

It is charged that the boys in the Pennsylvania industrial reformatory are cruelly treated. An investigation will be made at once.

Joseph Simcox of Portsmouth, O., was fatally burned in trying to save the life of his wife, who had tried to kindle a fire with kerosene. His wife was only slightly burned.

B. F. Nelson of Minneapolis was elected president of the Mississippi Valley Lumber Manufacturers' association at Minneapolis.

The Jay County, Ind., books are to be examined by experts. The investigation will cost $2,000 and is to go back to 1865.

Frank Lawrence and Everett Reaves of Peru, Ind., are under arrest, charged with sandbagging and robbing William McDowel, a farmer.

Mrs. Benjamin Rogers has been arrested and lodged in jail at Pittsfield, Ills., for the murder of her husband, who died under suspicious circumstances last November.

Buddhists in eastern Siberia have revolted against forced conversion by Russian orthodox missionaries. Missionaries and Russian authorities have been forced to take refuge in fortresses.

W. H. Hutchings, who did business as "The Chicago Tailoring and Merchandise company," has been arrested, charged with obtaining money under false pretenses.

Two dwellings at Anderson, Ind., were blown up by explosions of natural gas, causing a loss of $6,000. No one was injured.

Fire in the folding room of the house of representatives at Washington caused a loss of $16,000.

Rock Island directors have declared a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent.

While in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by the grip, John Rothenbeck killed his wife at Lima, O.

* * *

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe lands in Indian territory will be opened not later than April 15.

John Considine, the Detroit crook who was shot recently will recover, the doctors say.

Howe & Chassaing, lessees of the Lindell hotel at St. Louis., Mo., have bought the hostelry for $875,000.

The 9-year-old son of State Superintendent Wells was drowned at Madison, Wis.

Much alarm is felt over an outbreak of scarlet fever in Footville, Wis., and the public schools have been closed.

The postoffice authorities have discovered that a gang of eastern "green goods" men is operating extensively in the west.

The Illinois winter wheat bulletin says the area seeded last fall, 1,895,146 acres, was 4 per cent. larger than that of 1891. Very little damage has been done by cold weather in northern and central counties; but in the southern part of the state the crop will not be more than 50 per cent. of that of 1891.

Lee camp, Confederate veterans, has invited the members of the Grand Army of the Republic to visit Richmond, Va., during the encampment at Washington next summer.

William B. Hunter, an election judge of Mount Zion, Ills., is on trial at Decatur charged with altering enough ballots to elect himself supervisor.

The Paige bank at Painesville, O., has suspended. Liabilities, $400,000; assets, $100,000.

Joseph Joyce, a Parnellite, has been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of an anti-Parnellite.

Congressman Tom. L. Johnson of Cleveland is a rare bird indeed among men of wealth, in being an enthusiastic disciple of Henry George while possessing a fortune of nearly a million.

For nearly forty years Lord Tennyson has had a pension from the British government of $1,000 a year. The poet has derived no personal advantage from the pension, however, for he has devoted the whole of it to the relief of authors in distress.

At Cleveland the Rev. Frederick von Schlumbach, known as the "German Moody," was granted a divorce, his wife having committed bigamy.

* * *

A meeting of the synod of the Episcopal diocese of Springfield, Ills., has been called to meet on the 17th of May to elect an assistant bishop of the diocese. It is thought that Rev. Fred P. Davenport of Memphis will be elected.

At Lehigh, Pa., executions for $135,000 have been entered against the Lehigh Iron company.

The executive committee of the Michigan State grange has decided to remove The Grange Visitor from Paw Paw to Lansing. K. L. Butterfield will succeed A. C. Gidden as editor.

Joseph L. Burnhill threw himself under a train and was decapitated at Peoria, Ills.

Train, Derr & Co., ship chandlers of Boston, have assets of about $18,000, with liabilities of $47,000, it is said.

The contract for erecting the Pennsylvania building at the World's fair has been let to Nesbitt & Coder of Harrisburg for $67,200.

R. F. Donaldson's grain elevator at Coulter, Ind., was burned. Loss, $3,000; insured.

Fire in the Otter Creek coal shaft at Streator, Ills., did $10,000 damage.

Charles Fairfield was found dying in the poorhouse at Owosso, Mich., by friends. He formerly lived at Toronto, Ont., and during the last ten years has spent his entire fortune in searching for his wife, who eloped.

The Illinois supreme court has granted a new trial to Joseph Montag, who was sentenced at Chicago to be hanged for the murder of his wife.

Fifty-two anarchists have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from twenty-five days to two years and eight months at Rome.

According to a Paris paper the anarchists of that city have abandoned dynamite and will hereafter use poison as their chief weapon against society.

James E. Lawson has been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary at Knox, Ind., having confessed to a charge of forgery.

A son of John Prince of Jerseyville, Ills., was recently bitten by a mad dog. A madstone was applied to the wound and the injured boy has entirely recovered.

Mrs. Ferdinand Lange of Ashland, Wis., committed suicide by hanging herself. She and her husband had quarreled.

Martha Detchon, the little daughter of S. C. Detchon, one of Crawfordsville's prominent citizens, found a bottle of morphine and drank it. She is dead.

* * *

Poland is being filled up with Russian troops from all over the state.

Fire destroyed the works of Baker, McMillin & Co. at Akron, O. Enameled knobs, etc., were manufactured. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $35,000.

The Rev. Rodney D. Robinson of Clarkston, Mich., has been suspended from the Methodist ministry on the charge of immoral teaching and immoral conduct.

Representatives of the American Cylindrical Car company have completed negotiations for the establishment of a factory at West Superior, Wis., that will empoly 500 men.

At a meeting of the Prussian cabinet Count von Eulenburg and Dr. von Bosse were formally introduced to their colleagues and took their seats.

Three leaders in the recent riots in Berlin were found guilty and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from two to four years.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western directors have declared a dividend of 1¼ per cent.

The London Times' Buenos Ayres correspondent says that the Argentine Republic will refuse to accept the offer of reciprocity made by Secretary Blaine.

Thomas R. Wakeman's 4-year-old son, of Port Huron, Mich., was so badly bitten by five big dogs that he cannot survive.

George J. Gibson, secretary of the whisky trust, is said to be critically ill in Florida.

The decree prohibiting the export of wheat from Russian ports on the Azof and Black seas has been repealed.

John Wren, a business man in Springfield, O., advertised in a Toronto, Canada, paper for help. Two Canadians responded and he hired them. Information has been filed against Mr. Wren in the United States court in Cincinnati on the charge of violating the national law against importing laborers.

James Hickey has been arrested at Lebanon, Ind. He is wanted in Anderson, charged with shooting a man.

Mrs. Abshire, aged 40, eloped with the hired man, John Providence, aged 24, from Keystone, Ind. The couple were captured at Pennville, Mrs. Abshire taken home and Providence arrested and put in jail at Bluffton.

* * *

Victor Anderson and Oscar Severin are in jail at Galesburg charged with attempting to wreck a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy passenger train near Watago Wednesday last. They deny having put an iron pin on the rail, but admit having put a whisky bottle there.

A section of copper rock in the Calumet and Hecla mine at Houghton, Mich., fell on John Kevelo and Joseph Julir. Julir was instantly killed and Kevelo badly bruised.

Miss Ella Dodge, the daughter of William Dodge, a prominent citizen near Newton, Ind., who eloped with Edward Schultz, a wealthy married farmer at the same place, is now at the home of relative, near Fairbury, Ills., and Shultz can not be found.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has not for thirty years allowed any mail to be delivered at his country residence on Sunday, and he scrupulously avoids reading any letters on that day.

A living ant hill has been transplanted to the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia, where it forms one of the strangest exhibits yet discovered.

Mary Haywood, the St. Hadding, Tex., wild woman of the woods, has been caught and adjudged insane and confined in an asylum.

Dan Lamont's income ten years ago was $15 a week. He now is said to be earning $100,000 a year.

Farmer Dinkelspeil, near Madison, Ind., committed suicide.

Mrs. Newberry, a very wealthy woman who resides in Detroit, is having the Herreshoffs build for her a large steam yacht in which she can cruise on the lakes. Among other luxuries it is to have a mahogany dining-room on deck.

George L. Taylor, one of the gang which lynched Bright and shot Deputy Sheriff Willians in Taney county, Mo., has confessed and five of the lynchers have been arrested.

J. J. Gafford of Manning, Ia., killed Mabel Stevens and then shot himself at Omaha.

Four carpenters were fatally injured at Durango, Colo. A building on which they were working was blown down by the wind.

A Girl in the Karpathians.

Before riding, and not knowing how long I might have to be in the saddle, I had been as fresh as paint and as keen as any lizard; now, having arrived, I was tired at once, sat on the bed with my yellow leggined feet stuck out in front of me like a dorking, and felt slight, rather weak, half controlled smiles chase over my face as I glanced about the room.

The woman brought in an engaging looking soup tureen, from which, however, no steam rose, and a lordly dish of maize meal porridge,

"The hen's supper it used to be at home!" thought I, in faint amusement, and sat down to investigate the soup tureen. Beautiful clumps and clots of milk were in it—sour milk, but of a sourness exquisitely fresh, and clean to taste. The woman showed me the method of procedure. You filled your soup plate with the milk, which you ate with a spoon, and every now and then you took a spoonful of the porridge from the big dish before you. Will any one tell me where was ever such a supper? My hostess stood beside me, a queer woman's mixture of curiosity and shyness, telling me she had a lodger already, and expected another in a few days, beginning every sentence with "Ich sag' Ihnen," or "Jetzt, ich bitte."

She fetched a teapot and a small tumbler and left me with them. I drew my little Epictetus from my knapsack; it would be as well to have a motto for my journey and the poor slave would give me something fitting.

You cannot open the Encheiridion at the wrong place, for there is none. This is what was printed just where I put in my finger. "Do not seek to have all things happen as you would choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do; and so shall the current of your life flow free." I took a couple of cigarettes with this reflection and then went sanely to my bed.—Menie Muriel Dowie.

The Tall Grass of Yucatan.

The sisal grass of Yucatan is one of the most remarkable vegetable products known. It grows in long blades, sometimes to the length of four or five feet, and when dry the blade curls up from side to side, making a cord which is stronger than any cotton string of equal size that has ever been manufactured. It is in great demand among [illegible] among manufacturers of [illegible] of grass goods, but as soon [illegible] ble properties become [illegible] have a thousand uses [illegible] undreamed of. Ropes, [illegible] any description and an [illegible] manufactured of it, and [illegible] of sisal grass is one of [illegible] of the future. It is almo[illegible] to the action of salt water, [illegible] readily decayed or disinte[illegible] moisture and heat, and will [illegible] prove one of the most valuable productions of Central America.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Plausible.

Major d'Arlandes, like many another French soldier, was tired of waiting for promotion and opportunities to distinguish himself. He seized an opportunity to enjoy a little excitement and at the same time to remind Louis XVI of his baffled ambitions.

He made a balloon ascension, which at that time was thought to be a very risky affair. The king promptly reproved him for his rashness.

"Your majesty will pardon me, I hope," said the officer, "but the fact is the minister of war has made me so many promises in the air that I went up to look for some of them."—Paris Letter.

Tailless Cats.

Conditions other than those of mere breeding seem to have much influence on the development of physical character in cats. In one authenticated case a tabby, which had lost her tail by having that appendage run over, gave birth in her next litter to three stump tailed kittens out of seven. The Manx cat is not the only tailless variety. In the Crimea is found another kind of cat which has no tail. The domesticated Malay cat has a tail that is only about one-half the usual length, and very often it is tied by nature in a sort of knot which cannot be straightened out.—Interview in Washington Star.

The Color of the Eye.

The color of the iris is not uniform in any eye. Some eyes have spots, others stripes, still others blotches of white, green, blue, yellow and black, and the eye takes its color from the predominance of one hue. An eye that is considered gray will often be composed of black and yellow. An eye that is thought to be brown will be very dark red, with spots of yellow or blue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00
All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 2, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Niobe."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Denman Thompson.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Hoss and Hoss."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Alexander Salvini.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Don't Bully.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Two Johns."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

A BLUE-BOSHD FRAUD.

Mr. Sisson Thompson, one of the speakers at a discussion held recently in the Grand Pacific hotel of this city, made several statements on the question of immigration which, THE CITIZEN thinks, should not be allowed to go unanswered and unrefuted. Mr. Sisson Thompson is, we dare say, known only to few of our readers. He is one of those peculiar nobodies who are personally below any serious notice, but whose antics, oratorical or otherwise, must at times be paid attention to and criticised by the average pressman. Mr. Thompson has in his own limited sphere made some noise as a blue-nosed bigot. Masquerading as an American citizen, he is an Anglo Saxon to the marrow of his four bones, and hates everybody and everything Irish and Catholic as a bull hates a red rag. He has Romanism and Irishism on the brain. The Pope of Rome is in Mr. Thompson's eyes a demon incarnate. Ireland, according to the same sapient authority, is a plague spot on the face of Europe. It is to be hoped that his holiness and Ireland will survive the furious oratorical onslaught made on them by Mr. Sisson Thompson.

Mr. Thompson's past record does not justify him, however, in believing that his peculiar ideas have had anything like successful currency in this country. Thanks to the imbecility of a callow but moneyed youth, a Mr. Hobart C. Taylor, he started in this city some few years ago a bigoted sheet, which he blasphemously called *America*—a journal whose base object it was to stir up the dying embers of religious feud and fanaticism in this country. Sisson squeezed Hobart financially as he would a lemon—with the result that after $135 000 has been sunk and squandered in the publication it died an ignominious death, having absolutely failed to command the support of even the know-nothing element to whose dainty palate it professed to cater. Such has been Mr. Sisson Thompson's far from successful record in the arena of journalism.

Having no longer an editorial chair to sit in, this bilious swashbuckler has had since then recourse to various methods to air his personality as well as his drivelling religious prejudices in public. Lately, as we have said, he orated on his favorite find at a gathering in the Grand Pacific. From his effort on that occasion we clip the following savory extract:

"We are inundated by the off-scourings of Europe. The potato famine in Ireland is responsible for the miasma in our large cities. To these undesirable immigrants is due the degrading possibility that David B. Hill may be nominated for the presidency. It is one of the fruits of unchecked immigration. Year by year the number of immigrants increases. If Europe gave us her best they would be none too good. But fully 50 per cent of the immigrants are without occupation. They bring nothing but their bare hands—and many of them bare backs as well. Sixty per cent of all immigrants are men. And the women, with the natural perversity of their sex, settle in New England. The most alarming feature of the present immigration is the fact that the number coming from southern and eastern Europe is largely increasing. Statistics show that they make up a large percentage of the inmates of our jails, poorhouses and asylums, to say nothing of our city councils. The slum politics of our large cities are recruited from the scum of European emigration."

These ribald attacks on the immigrants who come to this country are very good specimens of Mr. Sisson Thompson's bumptious effrontery. An amusing feature, however, in this fellow's onslaught is that he and those who think as he does, are either immigrants themselves, or the descendants of immigrants. Indeed, Sisson was born in New Brunswick, and his grandfather, a Tory, emigrated there rather than live under American rule. The best and bravest of America's generals, the wisest of her statesmen, her poets, orators, scholars and public men have European blood running through their veins. George Washington, the father of his country, was a descendant of an immigrant. Every man, who signed our Declaration of Independence, could trace the source of his pedigree to an European family. Every leading man—with, perhaps, one African exception—who ever stood on an American rostrum or spoke in the Congress at Washington, was by origin a European! And yet these are the sons of those 'undesirable" men, who "bring nothing to this country but their bare hands and backs!" What a grotesque spectacle it is—that of this pusillanimous pigmy attempting to aim his poisoned arrows at giants. It is the story of the cur and the lion over again.

THE CITIZEN has yet to learn who in this country is not the son of an immigrant, save and except the Red Indian alone. The Puritans of today, who have sprung from the loins of the Pilgrim Fathers of a by-gone century, are as much the descendants of immigrants as are Irish-Americans. The only American who can trace his nationality up to time immemorial is the Red Skin; and he, be it said *en passant*, has received, God knows, very little but rough usage at the hands of the Europeans who took possession of this country! Such a consideration apart, however, it is no less true that most immigrants who throng our shores annually, if poor, are honest. Poverty, *pace* Mr. Thompson, has not as yet been classified in the category of crimes. Some of our leading millionaires began life with a hod on their shoulders, and without a solitary cent in their pockets. They had even to walk the "slums" before they could sit at ease in their mammoth palaces. The objects of Mr. Thompson's satire, including the victims of the Irish potato famine, can well afford to treat this bigot's ravings with due contempt. They have made this country what it is—a free and a liberalised nation, unlike Thompson and his fellow imps, who would turn it into a Puritanic pandemonium.

DALY'S LIVING MARTYRDOM.

A patriotic letter has been published from the pen of Mr. John Daly, of Portland Prison, England, which should be read and taken to heart by every patriotic Irishman. Passing, as the document did, through the governor's hands, it could only give the public a mere glimpse of the captive's harrowing position. In it he refers to one night in November, '89, when he was on the point of death in the hospital of Chatham. "Dying," he writes, "dying all alone in the midst of misery and crime! No kind hand to soothe, no friendly voice to cheer or say farewell! It was not that death had any terrors for me. I was not afraid to meet my God, for my conscience did not charge me with doing aught, but what I might glory in before God or man. Yet it was very lonely, and the thought that no one would know how I died was painful. And yet if I could convey the last wish and dying prayer to the dear old land, I think I would be happy. But no; that could not be. I was expecting each moment to be my last, when vomiting came on. Soon after the doctor gave me an injection in the arm, and almost immediately I went to sleep. Oh! such a delightful sleep. In it I was home again—back in dear old, brave old Limerick! I thought I lay on a soft grassy bank of the Shannon—just between the two little islands, opposite Shawn Rocks, at Plassy. I could feel my face fanned by a beautiful soft refreshing breeze. I could hear the ripple of the water and the song of the larks and the voice of the little children at play all around me, which was to my ears the most delightful of music. How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke—oh! God, 'twas a terrible awakening—and saw the black-coated sentinel marching up and down, and the convicts stretched along the ward, I felt as if I had slept in heaven and awoke in hell."

Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo's *Miserables* could hardly have given expression to such a soul-stirring cry from a prisoner's heart as this is. It is eloquent in its sweet simplicity. It is heart-reading in its pathos. It reminds, or ought to remind Irishmen, even in the din and tumult of jarring feuds and factions, that there are still noble martyrs of their race and political faith pining and wasting their lives out in the cold clasp of British gyves, and in the fetid cells of British dungeons. Men like John Daly and his devoted companions are not and never shall be regarded in the light of criminals by their fellow countrymen. In the first place they were convicted of the so-called crimes laid to their charge by prejudiced British juries goaded on to their verdicts by an infuriated British public. In the second place, even if they were guilty—an hypothesis which THE CITIZEN by no means admits—their guilt lies in a sublime and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Ireland. It was the desperate devotion of John Brown to the cause of the southern slaves. It was the devotion of the misguided nihilists who, in slaying the late czar, fancied they were slaying the despotism that held its iron hand on the throat of their motherland.

Dr. Gallagher, Egan, Daly and others are, if anything, purely political prisoners. As such they have long since atoned for whatever sins, if any, they have committed against British laws. Mr. Gladstone, who was years ago so blatantly demonstrative in his appeals for the release of King Bomba's prisoners, has, by-the-bye, not a word to say for John Daly. British prejudice will never admit that an Irishman, arrested on a charge of treason, can ever be a political prisoner. Can cant and absurdity further go?

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AND ITS ENEMIES.

Great enterprises have had their enemies; and it would indeed be expecting too much of human nature to fancy that the Columbian Exposition project could be carried into execution without arousing the malice and envy of wretched creatures who have never a good word to say for anybody or anything. There are folks about, who, unable to construct anything themselves, strain every nerve to demolish or attempt to demolish that which others have constructed. Such bilious critics are very pestiferous animals, and should receive little toleration at the hands of any broad minded community. Some of these reptiles have been wriggling themselves—so to speak—into a conspiracy against the success of the Columbian Exposition. In the press and socially they have been very busy throughout the length and breadth of Europe, sedulously spreading sundry reports reflecting on the fair fame of our city—with the avowed object of deterring strangers from coming here next year.

The reports in question are all the more dangerous, inasmuch as Chicago is not so well known by Europeans as it might be. True enough, our city as a cosmopolitan centre is barely twenty years old. It is as yet too young perhaps, to impress itself on the international mind in anything like an adequate manner. Yet it would be far more favorably known and recognized on the other side of the Atlantic, were it not that the Old World is compelled to look at us through New York spectacles; for the press of Gotham, with a few honorable exceptions, as everybody is aware, has been, to say the least of it, unduly severe in its criticisms of the Garden City. The result is that many Europeans have got quite hazy notions not only about ourselves, but also about our geographical situation. It is believed in some quarters that Chicago is still a Red Indian camp; that buffaloes roam our thoroughfares, and that savagery runs riot in the "wigwams" on our streets! A French newspaper, speaking some time ago of the Exposition, held out inducements to intending visitors to Chicago by the statement that they could see the beauties of nature as well as of art in taking a trip westward, as Chicago was situated, it added, at the base of the Niagara Falls! Such crass ignorance as this will undoubtedly do serious harm to the prospects of the Exposition. Timid tourists will be warned away by the fee-faw-fum stories of our "uncivilized" condition. No one in Europe, who credits this wild fiction, will be tempted to visit Jackson Park at the risk of being tomahawked for his pains,—self preservation, as every one admits, being the first law of nature.

The latest calumny current in regard to Chicago is not quite so blatantly grotesque as the Red Indian camp rumor. It is more insidious, and consequently more damaging. Chicago, it is asserted, is a city whose sanitary arrangements are wofully defective. Our streets and alleys are so many plague preserves. Our slums are reeking with germs of disease. Our water is poisonous. Our very atmosphere is gruesome and smoky and "is positively detrimental to even the most robust of constitutions." And so proceeds the harrowing series of the dangers and disasters that will fall to the lot of the European who dares to set foot in our city. The journalistic ghouls who treat the public to these disgusting travesties on Chicago, ought, metaphorically, be pilloried by every honest pressman. They lie, and they know they lie, in their nauseating penand-ink pictures of the great metropolis of the West.

The World's Fair Board should lose no time in refuting once and for all these outrageous calumnies on Chicago. A press bureau should be started in one of the leading cities of Europe, the object of which should be the spread of the truth and of nothing but the truth about the Garden City. Americans themselves should heartily support such a project; for the Exposition is as much an American as it is a Chicago institution, the possible failure of which would reflect discredit as much on the nation at large as it would on the city.

One of the beautiful anomalies of British law is the number of dead letter statutes—relics of darker ages—that lie stored up in the musty lumber-room. Two of these are provisions to the effect that no congregation or monastery of Catholic monks can be established within the British isles, and that no Catholic ecclesiastic can appear in his robes at any place outside the church in which he officiates. Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P., is now actively engaged in an attempt to bury these dead-letter monstrosities, the very existence of which overground is in itself a damning condemnation of the so-called "glorious" British constitution.

UNITED STATES MINISTER REID, speaking last week at a farewell banquet tendered him in Paris by the American colony, told some opportune and patriotic truths which will be relished all the more at a time when the British lion is throwing off the mask, and displaying open hostility to our flag. "I drink," said Mr. Reid, "to this beautiful Paris, the American's second home; I drink to France, our old and tried friend; to the republic, our sister, and to the French president, whom all the world respects." THE CITIZEN congratulates Minister Reid on this well deserved tribute to France—the only European nation, with the sole exception of Ireland, that came to the rescue of the colonies in their struggle against the detested yoke of England. We can never be otherwise than sympathetic with a people who gave us a Lafayette to fight for our freedom.

EVERY lover of liberty will learn with deep regret of the death of Walt Whitman. His erotic poems excepted, Whitman's effusions were pure and sublime. The "good grey poet" was the chivalrous advocate of liberty all the world over, and the devoted champion of popular rights. He will hold a very prominent place in the annals of American literature as the pioneer poet who trampled on the laws of rhyme and rhythm with absolute impunity, and struck out an original path for himself in the domain of poetry. Walt Whitman's fame is sure to grow with time, as he wrote more for future generations than for the present. Some of his philosophical doctrines, which are now tabooed, are likely to become fashionable when the world gets a little more advanced on the path of progress.

MR. JOHN T. GOLDEN has been placed in nomination by the Republicans of the Nineteenth Ward for the office of alderman. Mr. Golden has been a resident of the ward for over twenty years, and is highly respected by all who know him. Ald. John Powers, the Democratic nominee, who has held the office during two terms, is a candidate for re-election. As both gentlemen are popular in that section of the city, and, in fact, all over Chicago, a lively contest may be anticipated. Their friends, at present, are said to be betting about even on the result.

JUSTICE WALTER GIBBONS mourns the irreparable loss of his beloved mother. The sad event occurred last week. An immense congregation crowded the Cathedral of the Holy Name on the day of the obsequies, for the deceased lady was held in the highest respect by the whole community, because of her noble qualities of heart and mind and the exemplary Christian life she had led.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to announce the death from typhoid fever of the second daughter of Col. Francis T. Colby, of this city.

IRELAND is at last to be honored with a cardinal's hat. At least so says Mr. T. P. O'Connor's *Sunday Sun*. Dr. Walsh, archbishop of Dublin, is the prelate who is mentioned as the future wearer of the purple. Ireland's share of cardinals has not been by any means proportionate either to the services which she has rendered Catholicity, or to the numerical strength of her Catholic children. From the date of the introduction of Christianity into the island down to the seventies of the present century no Irishman was raised to the purple. Archbishop Cullen was the first Irish cardinal created, and Archbishop McCabe the second. Since the latter's death—now nearly ten years ago—Ireland has not been represented at all in the sacred college, although England with a Catholic population much smaller than that of Ireland had at the time three princes of the church in the persons of Newman, Manning, and Howard. Ireland has not on the whole been well treated in the distribution of red hats.

STATISTICS just published announce that the Australian colonies are forging ahead with an amazing rapidity. In the ten years which intervened between the census of '81 and that of '91, the inhabitants of Australia proper increased by 900,000. It is computed that before 1901 there will be five millions and a half of people located under the shadow of the southern cross. The various colonies are being gradually welded together, and "Australia a Nation" is becoming one of the favorite toasts in social gatherings at the antipodes. The young generation of Australians are openly proclaiming their adhesion to the creed of Australian independence; and it is more than probable that before the world is much older, Australia may haul down the Union Jack from her spires and city halls, and cut the cable that binds her to the British empire. Irishmen will heartily wish her God-speed in such a patriotic ambition.

THE recent death of Mr. Timothy Mahony of Cork has from two points of view a peculiar interest for Irishmen. In the first place the lamented deceased was the youngest brother of the late Rev. Francis Mahony, better known as "Father Prout," who was the leading Irish litterateur of the last generation, and whose stirring song, the "Bells of Shandon," will live as long as the language in which it is penned. In the second place the late Mr. Mahony was the son of Mr. Martin Mahony, the founder of the famous Blarney tweed milling establishment. This industry was one of the few Irish industries that survived the ostracism of English rule. It supplies remunerative employment to many hundred hands, and has become one of the most prosperous sources of wealth in Ireland, thanks chiefly to the business abilities and enterprise of the deceased, who was personally very popular in the South of Ireland.

DR TANNER, an Irish M.P., is very much interested in pensioners who fought against the Russians in the Crimea, and who assisted in blowing Indians from the cannon's mouth. Dr. Tanner has become quite an enthusiastic champion of the claims of these individuals to a nation's "gratitude." The Doctor is evidently degenerating into a West British flunkey of a very nauseating type.

THE death is announced of Sir Edward Hudson Kinahan, son of the late Alderman Kinahan, head of the great Irish whisky firm of Kinahan & Co. Kinahan, like John Jameson and Guinness, was one of the merchant princes of Dublin. In political leanings he was a rank, downright Tory, who looked on Ireland as a kind of tail of the British lion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"P. C. S.," City.—Your verses display considerable talent, but are defective in rhythm. Poetry, like painting, is governed by rules of art which none but a Walt Whitman can afford to ignore.

"MILES AN," St. Louis.—General Mac Adaras is at present the only Irish-born member of the French parliament. The Kellers and O Neills were once conspicuous figures on the monarchical benches of that assembly. Mac Adaras is a Republican in politics, and is a native of the North of Ireland. His wife is a St. Louis lady.

"P. O C.," St. Paul.—Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., is the present editor of *United Ireland*. We do not know who the member of the staff of that newspaper is who so ably edits the "Beyond the Seas" column. He is evidently a brainy journalist.

FINERTY IN MINNEAPOLIS.

[*Minneapolis Times, March 25*]

It is seldom that a lecturer so completely captures his audience and arouses enthusiasm to such a pitch as did John F. Finerty, of Chicago, last evening at the Lyceum Theatre.

Mr. Finerty's lecture, or rather address, was a recital in a bold, vigorous style of Ireland's wrongs and a rapid review of her political history, in which her battles, her freedom, her heroes and martyrs were brought out in bold relief against the sombre background of suffering from persistent persecution, ending in a climax that was decidedly dramatic. This Mr. Finerty was able to do in paying a tribute to "Daniel O'Connell, the Lincoln of Ireland," which he announced as his topic.

Mr. Finerty is known to be quite radical, both as a speaker and writer, and in this respect he could hardly have been a disappointment, while it must have been very sluggish blood that was not quickened by his earnestness and oratorical ability. As the large audience was almost entirely composed of those to whom Ireland is always a magnetic theme it can be easily conjectured that his sentiments of love for "that dear little isle," his denunciation of her enemies, and his expressions of faith in her ultimate emancipation from English thraldom, appealed directly to responsive hearts.

Mr. Finerty is possessor of a commanding address. He is robust without being portly, and the lines of his splendid physique are graceful and easy, while his face is expressive and animated, rather than thoughtful. His sentences are terse and pointed, and his delivery emphatic. His humor is rather of a sarcastic vein, and he employs it with telling effect. He spoke entirely without notes, and evidently the history of Ireland is to him a well-read book, of which he knows every page, for he showed a familiarity with the topography, the clans, and the lines of descent from generation to generation, which could only come from personal familiarity.

The lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the stage was well filled with the committee of escort.

Nashville Hibernian Society.

The Hibernian Benevolent Society of Nashville, Tenn., held an interesting meeting Sunday afternoon, March 20, at its hall. All the members were present, as this was the annual meeting for the election of officers for the coming year. The following were unanimously elected: James Killeise, President; James Malloy, Vice President; Garrett Stritch, Recording Secretary; James Carney, Financial Secretary; M. J. Lafley, Treasurer; William Fitzgerald, Sergeant-at-Arms; Trustees, James Greeley, John Brady, John McCormack; Auditing Committee, Edward Greeley, William Kirley, James W. Johnson; Investigating Committee, Thos. Grady, M. Farrell, John Reagan.

The Hibernian society has resolved to have a celebration of its twenty-third anniversary this year. The interesting event will occur on Easter Monday, April 18 at the Broad street Amusement hall. The Hibernians are one of the oldest benevolent societies in Nashville and one of the wealthiest, if not the wealthiest. The society has given thousands of dollars to charity at home and in Ireland, and in times of epidemic its treasury has ever been open to the demands of the moment.

At a recent meeting it was decided to have a concert and hop. The following general committees of arrangements were appointed: James W. Johnson, chairman; M. J. Lafley, William Kirley, James Malloy, Garrett Stritch, James Carney, James S. Glenn, Thomas Grady, John Brady, M. J. Martin, Dr. James M. Coyle, M. Mogan, John Reagan, Frank Shields, Peter Lyman, James Greeley, William Fitzgerald, William Fitzgibbon, John McCormack, Jere Mahoney, M. Farrell, Robert Martin, James Kelly, John O'Sullivan, Edward Greeley, Secretary, and President James Killelea.

A good supper will be served in the hall by the lady friends of the society. Tickets 50 cents. Ladies free. The general committee is requested to meet at the society's hall next Thursday night at 8 o'clock, to perfect arrangements.—*Nashville American, March 28*

The Americus Club.

The Americus Club held its first annual reunion at Spetz hall, on the evening of March 17. Over four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and the hall presented a scene of grace, beauty and animation. The Americus is a social Catholic club, organized Dec. 1, with four members, Messrs. Lieut. Louis Golden, Richard McGillen, John Waitty and Thomas Barrett, the original and only members of the famous "Four Shamrocks," a social club, whose sole object was the celebration of St. Patrick's night by a grand ball. The Americus club now numbers 100 members. The club room, on Halsted street, near Webster avenue, is always open and presents an inviting appearance. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames J. P. Connor, C. G. Craine, J. P. Boyle, Thomas E. Barrett, M. B. Hereley, Simon J. Forban, Thomas P. Hallinan, James D. Morrison, John W. Kinsella, J. G. Boland, J. A. Sauter, Dr. J. Printy, T. F. Boland, J. H. Lenox, E. J. Madden. Misses K. Fleming, Aurelia Gosselin, Lizzie McGillen, Grace O'Brien, Sara Hanahan, A. Hereley, Kittie Nash, A. Devine, Katie Long, Maggie Fitzgerald, Mamie Brennan, Emma Speis, Alice Mackin, L. Hickey, Miss Ford. Messrs. Glassbrook, Kelly, McGuire, Norton, J. E. Fitzgerald, John Ryan, J. A. Ford, N. T. Whitty, R. M. McGillen, D. W. Maher, W. B. Mahony, Louis Gosselin, Ferdinand Ell, Richard Fitzgerald, John Philbin, L. E. Golden.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN REILLY.

The funeral of Mr. John Reilly, an old locomotive engineer, and a highly respected citizen, who died on Thursday last at his home No. 31 Arthur street, this city, took place on March 26. The services were held at the church of the Sacred Heart, corner of Nineteenth and Johnson streets. The Rev. M. J. Corbett, who officiated, delivered a touching eulogy of the deceased, speaking of the many admirable traits of character which had endeared him to his friends and made him respected by all his associates and employers. At the conclusion of the services, the remains were conveyed by a special train, composed of a Fort Wayne engine and cars in charge of Division Superintendent Boatman, Engineer Jacob Mack, Fireman John Johnson and Conductor Curran, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place. The pall-bearers were David King, George W. Lyon, William Horgan, William Raleigh, P. O'Beirne, John Murphy, Michael Kenny and John Fitzpatrick.

Mr. Reilly was one of the oldest engineers, on the Fort Wayne Road, and it was he who took the first train into the Union Stock Yards. He began railroading as far back as 1854, being the first man who ran a train over the old "barefoot" road from Lafayette to Michigan City, Ind., and since that time he has had charge of the switching at the Union Stock Yards for the Fort Wayne road. He was a faithful employé of the company and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Deceased was the father of the late W. H. Reilly, who was deputy recorder under Wiley H. Scribner at the time of his death, which occurred by accident at Valparaiso, Ind., about five years ago. Mr. Reilly was a patriotic Irishman, an ardent Nationalist, and was anxiously looking forward to the time in the near future when his countrymen in old Ireland would be managing their own affairs through an independent parliament in College Green.

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN.

On Feb. 19 there died at Lough Gur, county Limerick, Mr. John O'Brien, at the patriarchal age of 80 years. The interment took place in the family burial ground of St. Patrickswell, close to the beautiful lake. A son of the deceased, Michael O'Brien, is at present in Australia. One of his daughters (Beside O Brien, the poetess) is the wife of Capt. Christicha, an attache of the Royal Palace, Belgrade, where she resides with her numerous family. The deceased had been ailing for some years prior to his death, which he calmly awaited with patience and resignation.

MR. TIMOTHY HAYDEN.

On March 23 there was laid to rest in the little Catholic cemetery at Gilberts, Kane county, Ill., a son of Cashel of the Kings in the person of Mr. Timothy Hayden. Few men were better known in the locality where he resided, and few will be more generally missed than this simple, e alwart son of the Emerald Isle whose long residence and kindly disposition had endeared him to all with whom he came into contact. Mr. Hayden was not a great man, in the ordinary meaning of the expression, but he was a good man, in the broadest sense of the word, and a most highly esteemed member of the community as was abundantly attested by the great concourse of people who followed his remains to the grave. Mr. Hayden was nearly 80 years of age at the time of his death. He spent the first nineteen or twenty years of his life at Cashel, county Tipperary, where he was married to Miss Susan Gorman, and with his young bride emigrated to this country. He first obtained employment in New Jersey, where his good wife took sick and died. About this time the tide of emmigration began to wash with its wave of restless humanity the territorial borders of what is now the great State of Illinois. Sorrowing, but undaunted, the young Cashel man joined this grand army of pioneers and went into the wilderness to hew out a home amid the hardships and privations of a country far remote from the borders of civilization. The conditions were hard, but the man was equal to the requirements, and together with his second wife he soon laid the foundations of the valuable estate of which he was possessed at the time of his death. Mr. Hayden was a good citizen, a kind and hospitable friend, a loving husband and an affectionate parent, and with his widowed wife and orphan daughter the entire community mourn his loss.

W. C. L.

THE BOYS OF IRELAND.

Air: "Boys of Wexford."

Our safety for the future,
How'er we plot or plan
Depends not on the magic name
Of any mortal man!
Oh! toilers in the city,
Or lonely mountain glen
Our safety for the future
Depends on banded men!
For we're the boys of Ireland
Who, spite each traitor's frown!
Will fight amain, with hand and brain
To keep disunion down!

Avaunt! the fleeting glory
That circles round men's names!
While men must leave our story,
The Nation's cause remains!
And ne'er a striving people
While split in fragments twain
Could dare to hope, with force to cope
Or win their own again!
So we're the boys of Ireland!
Who, spite each traitor's frown
Will fight amain, with hand and brain
To keep desunion down!

My curse upon disunion!
Since first the Saxons came,
They tried each hated measure
To light foul faction's flame!
And then when sore-divided
And weak and hopeless grown!
Our rightful claims derided—
We blamed ourselves alone!
But we're the boys of Ireland!
Who, spite each foeman's frown,
Will fight amain with hand and brain
To keep disunion down!

Not Bantry boys, nor Wexford,
Nor men of North or South
Can raise the draught of freedom
To Ireland's thirsting mouth!
But brothers, all united,
And trusting God upon,
We wait the ranks love-lighted
To victory marching on.
For we're the boys of Ireland
Who, spite each traitor's frown
Will fight amain with hand and brain
To keep disunion down!

D.

March, 1892.

ACTORS' FAIR FUND.

Miss Eleanor Kirk Writes About a Worthy Project Now Being Organized for in New York.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 28.—Several communications from different quarters of the country have been received asking for more definite information regarding "The Actors' Fund Fair" to be held the first week in May in the Madison Square Garden. These are some of the questions:

"Will the money raised from this enterprise be carefully managed and properly invested?"

"Is it really the intention of those who have the matter in charge to endow an orphanage for the children of dead actors?"

"Will prominent members of the profession take an active part in the Fair?"

"Will there be matinees and evening performances?"

"What is the admission price?"

"Have the churches taken any active part in this great charity?"

"Will any of the churches be represented by booths?"

"Is Miss Georgia Cayvan the president of the woman's department of the Actors' Fund Fair?"

"What gifts would be the most valuable?"

"Do you not think that fancy articles which are pretty and useful and which can be sold for a small price are more likely to be wanted than more elaborate things?"

These are not all of the questions but they comprise the most important ones, and certainly show the interest felt by our friends all over the country.

To begin with number one. This great enterprise is in the hands of the best men and women among us, and the funds will be judiciously invested.

The intention of the managers is to build and endow an orphanage if sufficient money is raised to accomplish this most beneficent purpose. Our own hospitals and orphan asylums would have suffered had it not been for the dramatic profession, and it is now quite time that we should do something for those who have done so much for us.

Prominent members of the profession will do all they possibly can the six days of the fair to swell the fund. They will have charge of counters and booths.

There will be dramatic performances at the fair—how many I do not yet know.

The admission fee will be $1 and $5 for a season ticket.

Many of the churches are interested in this work, and if they were not I should have very little respect for them. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has sent his personal check to the committee for $100 and a cordial note wishing the workers every success. It is reported that the Tabernacle members intend to send their contribution, and that Dr. Meredith's congregation are much interested in the work. Good tidings are coming from other churches and so the beautiful work goes on.

I do not know that any of the churches, as churches, will have booths in the fair.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer is the president, and Miss Georgia Cayvan the secretary, of the woman's department of the Actors' Fund Fair.

My new paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, will have a picture of Miss Cayvan on the first page of the April number. This leading lady of the Lyceum, the favorite New York theater, is a staunch friend to her sex. She is generous, frank, quick witted and a fine executive officer. There is no woman on the stage who has so sweet and so rich a speaking voice. She is known among all her friends as a peacemaker and the greatest stirrer-up of strife invariably takes a back seat after this gifted woman has uttered a few words. As a lady remarked at a meeting of the executive committee of the fair where there was some growling, "Oh, if Georgia Cayvan is going to speak that settles it. Everything will be smoothed out," and so it was.

There is no doubt that fancy articles that can be sold anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar will bring in a good deal of money. Many who desire to purchase but who cannot afford large sums will be delighted to find things they can buy. I hope that more of my friends at a distance will send me word what they can do. Let those who can crochet send me some table mats, or any article that the crochet implement can hook into shape. Let the knitters knit me something. In these small and inexpensive ways those who want to go on record as doing what they could will have an opportunity. More expensive gifts will be gladly received. Let those who will contribute money send me word how much they can give and I will write them how to proceed. Isn't there some rich man, or better still, are there not some rich men who read my letters who will correspond with me on this subject? In the long friendship I have enjoyed with my out of town readers I have never asked them till now to help me out in my work for charity. But now I have put myself on record as saying that I know those who can afford it will assist in this most worthy cause, and perhaps do a still greater good by making me out a woman of truth instead of a—well, a teller of whoppers. Come on with your gifts. My apron is ready.

ELEANOR KIRK.

The Gaelic Class.

There was an attendance of thirty students at the school in Judge Scales' room, third floor court house building, on Sunday last. Four new members were enrolled, including one young lady, who sings most beautifully in the old tongue, Miss Grace promises a large attendance of ladies for next Sunday and thenceforth. She expressed much admiration for the gallant and courteous behavior of the class. Mr. T. O'Neill Russell made us a call and remained during the entire session. Judge Wm. J. English with his cousin also assisted us; and this reminds me that with his knowledge of the classical and continental languages, he is also a Gaelic scholar of much ability. We invite all our fellow citizens to learn this ancient and mellifluous tongue, which we are willing to teach without money and without price. MAURICE CREAN,

Secy.

Literary Notes.

The poets cannot complain of not getting a show in the April *New England Magazine*. Allen Eastman Cross writes a fine poem on Cardinal Manning's humanity. Celia P. Woolley contributes a descriptive poem called "Storm Cloud." Gertrude Christian Foedick, the wife of J. W. Foedick the artist, has "The Smile of Peace." Charles Gordon Rogers writes a fine poem, "Retrospect." Minna Irving, the Tarrytown poet of the heart, is represented with a good, stirring Revolutionary poem of a soldier who never came back, and James G. Burnett gives the "Lesson of the Years." Edward G. Mason, of Chicago, contributes a scholarly and valuable article on "The Early Visitors to Chicago." It is finely illustrated.

The announcement that Mr. Howells will leave *Harper's Magazine*, to take editorial charge of the *Cosmopolitan*, on March 1, calls attention to the process of building up the staff of a great magazine. Probably in no monthly has the evolution been so distinctly under the eyes of the public as in the case of the *Cosmopolitan*. The first step after its editorial control was assumed by Mr John Brisben Walker, was to add to it Edward Everett Hale, who took charge of a department called "Social Problems," subjects concerning which the greater number of people are thinking today. Mr. Hale, who is a student, a fair minded man, a thorough American and a man of broad sympathies, has filled this position in a way to attract the attention not only of this country, but of leading European journals. Some months later, a department was established called "The Review of Current Events." To take charge of this, a man was needed who should be familiar not only with the great events of the past thirty years, but who knew personally the leading men of both the United States and Europe, who could interpret motives and policies. Murat Halstead accepted this position with the distinct understanding that his monthly review should be philosophical and never partisan. The next step in the history of the *Cosmopolitan*, was the placing of the review of the intellectual movement of the month in the hands of Mr. Brander Matthews, who for some time has been recognized as one of the two or three ablest critics in the United States. Finally came the acceptance of the editorship conjointly with Mr. Walker, by Mr. William Dean Howells. Mr. Howells, who is recognized universally as the foremost American of letters, upon the expiration of his contract with Harper Brothers, will take in hand the destinies of a magazine which promises to exercise a share of influence with the reading classes of the United States. His entire services will be given to the *Cosmopolitan*, and everything he writes will appear in that magazine during the continuance of his editorship.

"Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" is the title of a delightful little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, chosen and arranged by Katherine E. Conway, who introduces them with an Estimate of O'Reilly as poet and literary worker. The book is issued by the well known publisher, Cupples, and is made with all the artistic beauty of typography, illustration and binding, for which this house is deservedly famous. The colored portrait of the poet, done in the style of the now old-fashioned cameo, is excellent, and will add greatly to the value of the book both with those who knew and loved him and those who make his acquaintance here for the first time, if any such there be. It is noticeable that the house bringing out the book is entirely unconnected with Catholic publications in general. This fact would seem to show that it is but the beginning of many that will appear upon this illustrious patriot and unique man. The many-sided personality of the lamented Boyle O'Reilly is likely to occupy the attention of literary workers for a long period to come. His fame with the American people will broaden as time makes all the more clear his far seeing sagacity, his entire unselfishness, his perfect manliness, and the integrity and keenness of his instincts which, always seeking the right, strove to embrace not merely his own race but humanity at large. Great and good was Boyle O'Reilly, and he can but the more plainly be seen to have been such as time goes on. The book will be mailed from Cupples' office, Boston, postage paid, on receipt of $1.00.

"Gentle Spring" loses many of its terrors when the system is fortified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With multitudes, this wonderful tonic-alterative has long superseded all other spring medicines, being everywhere recommended by physicians.

Grayness, baldness, dandruff, and all diseases of the scalp, and falling of the hair can be cured by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

GALLANT MONTANA.

[Continued From the First Page.]

of some of which he spoke. He complimented and thanked the old-timers and early settlers for their labors, and expressed his gratitude that he was an adopted son of the great State of Montana. It is a young state, and its character is being moulded by its citizens. We have room for thousands, all will be welcomed who come to make their home here and help to develop its resources and make it the grand state it should be. May its star grow brighter as the years roll by. (Applause.)

"Yankee Doodle" was rendered by the band.

"The City of Butte" was then responded to by Mayor Mueller, and "The Press" by W. W. Walsworth of the *Standard*, but owing to the lateness of the hour it was impossible to do the gentlemen justice in the short time left before going to press.

Impromptu toasts, speeches and songs followed, and at an early hour or late hour (in the morning) the company separated, fully satisfied at the manner in which St. Patrick's Day, 1892, had been celebrated by the Butte Irish American association.

Letters of regret were read from James Shields, Timothy Collins, of Great Falls, and Governor Toole, the latter concluding his regrets "with the assurance, however, that I will be the loser."

THE DAY IN MILWAUKEE.

Radical Address of Mr. Jeremiah Quin at Germania Hall.

[*Milwaukee Sentinel, March 18.*]

If the marching files of civic societies, the sermons and masses of the clergy, the eloquence of orators and the music of patriotism can convey satisfaction and contentment to one so long in the land of ghosts, St. Patrick had them yesterday.

Early in the day the celebration centered around St. Patrick's church, where Archbishop Katzer celebrated solemn pontifical mass at 10 o'clock. The congregation packed the church. The following societies sent delegations, who after a street parade from the corner of Reed and National avenue to the church, were given reserved seats: St. Patrick's court No. 73 Catholic Order of Foresters; Branch No. 50, Catholic Knights of Wisconsin, and the Boys' Sodality of the congregation. The Rev. Father Keogh, of St. John's cathedral, delivered the sermon.

Services suitable for the day were also held in other Catholic churches. In the evening several entertainments were given, most of them at church halls in different parts of the city or under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

A large audience gathered at Germania hall, where an entertainment was arranged by Div. No. 2 A.O.H. The address was delivered by Jeremiah Quin, and was an eloquent effort. The speaker said in substance:

"St. Patrick's Day is pre-eminently Irishmen's national day the world over. Rome has of late made great efforts to strip this ancient day of ours of its national significance and make it a strictly church holiday, but St. Patrick did not come from Rome, his name is not in the litany of her saints, nor did he ever receive his commission from her. How can Roman writers explain their own story that St. Patrick found Christianity existing in Ireland, with churches and bishops, in the fifth century, while St. Patrick himself tells us he found Ireland all pagan? Why should the Irish drive out the Roman missionary, Palladius, and receive St. Patrick with open arms a few years later? When during the eighth century Ireland sent out that wonderful band of missionaries who implanted the Christian faith upon the Rhine and the Humber, and upon each side of the Alpine mountains, she sent them forth as Irishmen and not as Romans. It was as late as the year 1150 that the first synod was held in Ireland under the Roman prelate Papero, and by the same token she did not see a prosperous day since. 'Tis true that during the wars of Elizabeth, when England espoused the side of the reformation, and Ireland the Catholic side, Rome gave Ireland all the assistance in her power to crush England. In fact, Catholic historians treat that war as a struggle between England and Rome, fought out on Irish battlefields, according to McGeoghan. Of all the rivers of blood shed during the Elizabethan wars, not one drop was spilled in Ireland. And how has Rome paid Ireland back? Almost since the fall of Limerick, certainly since the days of the Union, to this hour Rome has been the most powerful and subtle agency through which England has held her iron heel upon the neck of Ireland. There was not a national movement against which Rome has not issued a rescript—against O'Connell, against the Fenians and lastly against Parnell. Although we did not get our religion from Rome we are the strongest pillars in the Roman Catholic church, but whilst we may be now content to take our religion from Rome we will never take English politics from Rome, and if the Vatican persists in sugar coating the English pill with religion some may one day refuse to take even that."

The speaker proceeded to discuss the present Home Rule movement, and predicted that ere long a far more radical man than Gladstone must head the English masses. He continued: "The movement known as the Volunteers of 1782 in Ireland, is one of the strangest incidents in all human history. England was at war in foreign lands, France threatened to invade Ireland. The Irish parliament demanded troops for protection, and England had none to send. 'Arm us and we will repel invasion,' said the Protestants of Ireland. A militia of 110,000 were armed upon condition that no Catholic would be allowed to join, and thus came, for the first time since the surrender of Limerick, a national army upon the soil of Ireland. When Grattan moved his declaration of Irish rights in the Irish house of commons, England had to submit, because the cannon of the Volunteers stood shotted in the streets of Dublin. This was how that glorious but short-lived independence of Ireland was gained in 1782.

"Lord Salisbury sneeringly asked Gladstone if he desires to turn Ireland over to the Catholic rebels. There has not been a national movement in Ireland during 200 years, in which Protestants and Catholics did not stand shoulder to shoulder. Protestant Robert Emmet laid fuse around the castle of Dublin, whilst Catholic Dwyer held the mountains of Wicklow. Did not Protestant Wolfe Tone and Catholic O'Connor stand together through 1798? Did not Father Murphy fall on Vinegar hill, his face to heaven and his feet to the enemy, whilst the Episcopal minister, Jackson, swallowed a dose of arsenic in a Dublin dock, before Norbury could pronounce his death sentence? Did not Protestant Smith O'Brien and Catholic Meagher hold counsel for Ireland by a burning log in the forests of Tasmania? and still later did not Catholic John Dillon stand for Home Rule with Protestant Parnell, but here comes a blush, for while England slaughtered Emmet, Fitzgerald and Tone, the priests of Ireland overthrew Parnell."

In closing the speaker said: "Young men of Irish blood, I bid you join the national militia. It is a healthy, manly and honorable field. If the day shall ever come, and come it may, when America calls, you will not cringe like slaves, but stand like men under the folds of the stars and stripes, and mayhap, changing events may some time call you to another land, where the green sod would be more elastic to the foot, and the breezes over her mountains would blow fresher upon your brows."

In Houston, Tex.

The entertainment given by the Emmet Council on the evening of March 17, at Turner Hall, was indeed a very enjoyable affair. This organization has already contributed $1,000 from its funds to aid the Sisters of Charity in enlarging their hospital, but they desired to do more, so made this a special object, on the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint, to make this entertainment a success and donate the proceeds to the hospital fund. The following programme was rendered: Overture, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," Opera House Orchestra; Quartette, "Kathleen Mavourneen," Annunciation choir; Recitation, "Jim Wolfe and the Cats," Mr. Justin White; Vocal Solo, Mr. C. Grunewald; Horapipe, Mr. P. Welsh; Quartette, St. Joseph choir; Violin Solo, "Norma," Mr. A. Diehl; Medley Overture, "Salute to Erin," Opera House Orchestra; Oration, Capt. J. C. Hutcheson; Clarionette Solo, "Brei Santo," Mr. George W. Frey; Vocal Solo, "Killarney," Mrs. J. O. Carr; Specialties, musical, B. Wolf and R. Jackson; Violin Solo, "L'Absent," Miss Stella Root; Quartette, "The Harp That Once," Annunciation choir. Capt J. C. Hutcheson is the present custodian of the amounts thus far contributed for this grand and noble purpose. The performance and lecture were of the highest order, and were well received by a large and appreciative audience. The Emmet Council feels placed under lasting obligations to all who assisted in making the entertainment such a grand success. M.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

Union Catholic Library Association.

The next regular entertainment to be given by this popular association will occur on Thursday evening, April 7th, at the rooms of the association, No. 94 Dearborn street. The lecture will be delivered by Rev. Denis O'Brien, and the following well prepared programme has been arranged for the occasion: Piano solo, Miss Margaret Smyth; Garden City Quartet, Messrs. Hale, Kean, Rice and Lukens; essay, Miss Sallie Gaynor; soprano solo, Miss Lizzie McCauley; Garden City Quartet; piano solo, Miss Frances Eiten. A cordial invitation is extended to all members and their friends.

Innisfail Athletic Club.

The fifth grand reception and ball of the Innisfail Athletic Club, G. A. A., takes place at Curran's Hall, No. 353 Blue Island avenue, this Saturday evening, April 2. Prof. O'Connor's orchestra has been engaged, thus guaranteeing the best of music for the occasion. Ever since their organization the Innisfails have been noted for the brilliant success attending their entertainments, and the Gaelic boys and girls who attended in the past are sure to be present and enjoy the good sociable time which the club has always managed to provide for its patrons.

A Lucky Escape.

Fortunate is the man or woman residing in a malaria-ridden locality who escapes the dreaded scourge. Not one in a thousand does. When the endemic is a periodical and wide spread visitation, it is just as common to see whole communities suffering from it as single individuals. The most vigorous constitution is not proof against it—how much less a system feeble or disordered. As a means of protection against malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the supreme medicinal agent. It will uproot any form of malarial disease implanted in the system, and even in regions where miasmatic complaints are most malignant and deadly, such as the Isthmus of Panama, Guatemala and the tropics generally, it is justly regarded as an efficient safeguard. No less efficacious is it as a curative and preventive of chronic indigestion, liver trouble, constipation, rheumatism, kidney complaints and la grippe.

Literary Notes.

The April *Arena* is rich in able, thoughtful papers. Its table of contents is as varied as it is inviting, as will be noted from the following: "Vital Statistics of the Negro," by Frederick L. Hoffman. "The Money Question," by Hon. John Davis, M.C. "Volapuk, the World Language," by Alfred Post. "The Speaker in England and America," by Henry George, Jr. "Rational Views of Heaven and Hell," by Rev. George St. Clair. "The Farmers' Alliance and its Leaders," by Annie L. Diggs (illustrated by two full-page portraits and four smaller photogravures). "Pontifex Maximus," by W. D. McCrackan. "A Remarkable Psychical Experience," by Louise Chandler Moulton. "How Uncle Nottoway Squashed the Indictment," a Southern character sketch, by Will Allen Dromgoole. Part IV. of "A Spoil of Office," by Hamlin Garland. "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," by B. O. Flower. "Books of the Day": Reviews by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Henry Austin and the editor. Although the most liberal and progressive of all the great reviews, the *Arena* is prospering in a manner which indicates the trend of public thought and proves that the people admire brave, outspoken and earnest magazines.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for April is a very interesting number. The leading article gives an account of the Importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life, by Hon. Edwin Arling. A Contrast, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. Convict Priests in Australia. Mary Magdalen, a poem from the German. Rt.-Rev. John M. Farley, D.D., V. G. (with a portrait). Why Mixed Marriages Should be Avoided. The late Cardinal Manning on the Life of Ireland's Patron Saint. Auxiliary Trade Schools. Forty Years in the Church. Present Outlook of the Negro Catholic Missions in the United States. The above is but a few of the articles in this number. The juvenile department is as interesting as usual. Yearly subscription $2. Six months $1. Try it for six months. Address *Donahoe's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

"Hurry Up."

When the attempt was made to give twice as many illustrations in a monthly magazine as were ever before published the "know it all" people said, "it won't last;" but when the *Cosmopolitan* went even beyond that figure and continued to thrive and grow more popular, the fact became apparent that not only could it be done, but that the reading public appreciated it. So far the success of this brilliant magazine has never been equalled in the history of illustrated monthly literature, and it is daily finding its way into new homes throughout the country. The latest master stroke, in obtaining the services of William Dean Howells as associate editor, is the talk of the literary world.

To make the magazine still more popular, its publishers are offering, for almost nothing, a choice of the original editions of the Memoirs of Generals Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan and Lee, if taken in connection with a years's subscription to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. If you are not on reading terms with this popular monthly, write to the Cosmopolitan Publishing Company, Madison Square, N.Y., for a free sample copy; then judge for yourself.

PERSONAL.

Richard Hooley Powers is the name of a vigorous young gentleman who has lately visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Powers, at The Sheridan, No. 560 LaSalle avenue, this city. Young Mr. Powers gave a reception on March 16, the day of his advent, and addressed, in silver tongued terms, all who came to see him. THE CITIZEN congratulates the promising boy and his happy parents. Mrs. Powers is doing well.

Mrs. Margaret Boland, wife of Mr Charles Boland, of the West Town assessor's office, and sister to Mr. Maurice Crotty, of the Chicago police, has gone on a trip to Ireland to visit her parents and friends in the City of the Violated Treaty. Her numerous friends in Chicago will be glad to hear of her safe arrival over, and wish her a happy return.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Nativity Court No. 11, C. O. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst Bro. Michael McGrath to a place in His heavenly kingdom; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Nativity Court No. 11, C. O. F., tenders its sincere sympathy to the bereaved widow and orphans of our late deceased brother, Michael McGrath, in the loss of their protector, who was a kind and loving husband and father, and in him the Catholic Order of Foresters have lost a good member, and the church a devout and pious Catholic.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of this Court, a copy of the same be presented to the widow and children, and that they be published in THE CITIZEN and *Guide*.

MATTHEW LAND,
MICHAEL RYAN,
JOHN CARNEY,
Committee.

Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling the business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:35 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 8:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

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JAMES O'DONNELL, ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MARGARET BAYNES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Baynes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 28, 1892.

BARBARA LUEBCKER,
Administratrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

ESTATE OF THOMAS FREEMAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Thomas Freeman, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 28, 1892.

MARGARET FREEMAN,
Administratrix, with will annexed.

James O'Connell, Attorney for Administratrix.

McENERNY BROS., ATTORNEYS, ROOM 12, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KELLY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kelly, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 16, 1892.

ROSE F. KELLY,
Administratrix.

McEnerny Bros. Attorneys.

ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1892, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 16, 1892.

JOHN J. DUNNE, Executor.

McEnerny Bros. Attorneys.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

The stars' untarnished gold gleams in the
meshes of thy hair,
The heavenly hue of April's blue lives in thy
wondering eyes,
The lips which kiss to crimson the pale clouds
that flush the skies
Have pressed thine own, and lingered lightly
on thy cheeks so fair;
No wave of passion on thy heart hath sobbed
in sensuous sighs,
Nor hath ambition brought to thy smooth
brow one touch of care.
The gods, with gifts supernal and supreme,
have dowered thee,
Youth, purity and beauty thine, a precious leg-
acy.
—Daniel E. O'Sullivan in Southern Bivouac.

THE GHOST.

My father's farm was fully eleven miles, over a lonely and deserted road, from the little town of B——, and almost midway between the two points above lay the old Sharp farm, desolate and run to weeds, simply because the owner, for reasons hereafter to be given, was forced to content himself from year to year with the grazing it afforded his cattle and the few meager loads of hay saved from the neglected meadows.

The former proprietor, old Jacob Sharp, or Lame Jake, as he was more frequently called by reason of an unfortunate physical deformity, known to the doctors, I believe, as equino-varus, and commonly as clubfoot, had taken a notion a few years before to hang himself to a rafter in the old barn, and by that little act had completely ruined the reputation of one of the best and most fertile holdings in the country.

From whatever source originated, weird and uncanny stories soon began to circulate respecting the old homestead, the purport of which were that poor old Lame Jake, who had been so impatient to get out of the world, was now equally anxious to get back, but having foolishly disposed of his carnal covering to gratify the whim of an idle moment, he was now compelled in revisiting thus the glimpses of the moon, to restrict himself to such hours and places as the native modesty of any proper minded ghost would be most apt to suggest.

Many and marvelous were the legends which the "auld slashers" of the country, as the Great Antiquary would call them, were in the habit of relating to such juvenile and feminine ears as were most readily captivated thereby; and many and many a night have I seen my sister and younger brothers go to bed with eyes like saucers after an evening's seance with one of these raconteurs.

But, as the New Light of Asia has it, that is another story.

One tenant of the place had fifty bushels of wheat carefully winnowed one night, old Jake being distinctly seen by a member of the family, whom the noise of the mill had aroused, standing in the time honored white nightgown and surrounded by a bluish halo, industriously turning the crank; but while he was congratulating himself that these visitations promised [illegible] of a Brownie rather than of a [illegible] character the next night, outs[illegible] to relate, the winnow[illegible]st so carefully mixed [illegible]uantity of rye from a [illegible] scandalous proceedings being celebrated with flashings of light, the most outlandish racket and discordant peals of unearthly laughter.

These financial losses and annoyances, while bad enough in their way, might still have been struggled against for some time had not his ghostship taken it into his pneumatic head to begin a series of domiciliary visits threatening more directly the unfortunate man's personal peace and welfare.

A bright glare, emanating from some particular room, would convey to the startled inmates the idea that the house was in flames; and a rush being made thither the light would disappear in an instant, to the accompaniment of loud groans and laughter, rattling of furniture and pattering of ghostly footsteps down the hallways.

Frequently the farmer during sleep, usually when most worried, would find himself suddenly and disgracefully fired out of bed by some invisible agency; windows and crockery were smashed, bells rung at midnight, and on one occasion his wife had the wits nearly frightened out of her by finding her lord sleeping one morning by her side, his hands folded on his breast and two pennies placed in orthodox fashion over his eyes.

These happenings, the reader will easily conceive, had the effect of limiting his occupancy of the Sharp messuage strictly to the period of his lease, and some three or four others who succeeded him made equally short stays.

Others complained most of the trouble they had with their cattle. Horses securely stalled began about midnight to raise a most terrific uproar, and if not promptly liberated would invariably thrash down the stable door and be found next morning huddled together in the farthest corner of the pasture. Frequently one would be found bearing the marks of the saddle and other evidences of a severe night journey, although in such instances, in justice to old Jake, the fact that one of the boys was courting a squire's daughter in a neighboring county may have borne some relation to the phenomenon.

Weird lights burning through the chinks of the barn and about the premises were so common to the neighbors that when the boys and girls happened to be belated at a dance, a husking or an apple paring they told their parents they came home by the light of old Sharp's lantern.

I am not going in this age of divided skirts and long distance telephones to put myself on record as the man that saw Jake Sharp's ghost; but what I did see and hear the night I slept in that old barn—well, I'm going to tell you about it.

I had been to B—— and was returning somewhat late. The night was dark and starless, and the faint flashes of lightning which began in the west kept increasing in frequency and brilliancy behind me till, just as the old Sharp gables loomed up from the blackness before me, the storm I had been apprehending burst upon me like the opening of a waterspout.

Never before had I seen such a downfall. The rain descended in one solid sheet, and the earth fairly shook with the continuous roll of the thunder. The lightning was fierce and vivid.

Under the circumstances there was nothing to do but to take shelter, for a time at least, in the old barn; and you can easily imagine with what a creepy sensation I heard the rickety doors creak on their rusty hinges as I swung them open and got my team as quickly as possible under the leaky cover.

Striking a match just to get my bearings, I unbitted the horses and supplied them with hay, of which there was a quantity in one of the mows; and then lighting my pipe, that incomparable solace of the solitary, I began to take stock of my surroundings.

The storm showing no sign of abatement, the thunder crashes following each other in quick succession, and the lightning playing vividly through the chinks and broken shingles, I began with as much stoicism as I could assume making preparations for my present comfort.

Selecting a dry spot in the haymow, I removed some of my wet outer garments, and with the aid of horse blankets succeeded in improvising a tolerable bed; but not, I assure you, with the remotest idea of sleep.

Nevertheless, in an hour or so, the thunder and lightning having almost died away, though the rain still came down in torrents; worn out with fatigue and soothed by the odor of the hay, I fell into a deep and quiet slumber.

How long I slept I know not, but I was suddenly wakened by the snorting and stamping of the horses, and starting up, became immediately conscious of a faint bluish light floating in the air directly over the seat I had so lately occupied.

It resembled no other light I had ever seen, but seemed to be simply a ball of bluish or amethyst colored fire, which circled about through the air with a queer undulating movement. It imparted to me as I looked at it a strange feeling of dizziness and nausea.

While I sat staring, fascinated by the mysterious light, I was horrified to hear a long, low groan, coming seemingly from the body of the wagon, followed almost instantly by the sound of my own name, repeated as distinctly as I had ever heard it in my life—"Joe! Joe!"

With the cold perspiration beginning to break from every pore I sprang to my feet, and as I did so the light floated slowly up to the rafters and disappeared, while a low, rattling laugh echoed through the darkness.

All doubts as to the truth of the stories I had heard about the haunted barn were now pretty fully dismissed. I felt that I was fairly in for it.

By the feeble glare of my matches, which only seemed to intensify the darkness, I strove to penetrate the wall of blackness about me, but not a thing could I see.

My heart was chilled, my blood frozen in my veins, and I was only prevented from dashing open the doors and escaping into the more friendly darkness without by the simple fact that terror—shall I say it?—had rendered me incapable of motion.

Do not think it was imagination. There could be no imagination about a sound so distinct. The low, wailing groan, like that of a man in his death agony, rose slowly on the stillness again, followed as before by the harsh, devilish, cackling laugh and the words, "Joe!" "Joe!" repeated, as I imagined in my horror, by my own father's voice.

This time the light did not appear, but a new terror had been added to the scene. I fancied I heard a creaking sound, and straining my ear till my brain seemed to crack made out, as I imagined, quite distinctly the sound of footsteps creeping toward me across the bare planking of the floor.

I am honest enough to confess that in striking another match my hands shook like those of a man with the palsy. Again everything was quiet. Nothing visible except the horses, with heads thrown back, cowering against each other.

I was relieved by the reflection that no material danger at least threatened me, but a new trouble now overtook me. I spilled my matches on the wet hay.

I sat down now in despair, and as I leaned my face upon my hand I could feel the arteries in my temples throbbing like trip hammers. I felt that I could never live through the remainder of that awful night and preserve my reason.

As I pressed my hands upon my throbbing temples and vainly strove to mitigate with reason the blind violence of my terror, I suddenly uttered a wild cry of horror as a long, wet, clammy arm, or what I took for one in the darkness, was thrown tightly around my neck with a cold clasp that nearly strangled me.

As I struggled desperately, with a sickening sense of horror, to release myself from the slimy coils of what I thought must be some gigantic reptile, that same low, mocking, devilish laugh came cackling through the darkness again.

The plunging of the horses, the fiendish laughter, groans and calling of "Joe! Joe!" grew louder and more demoniac, till, maddened with horror, by a superhuman effort I flung the infernal thing, whatever it was, from me, heard it strike with the proverbial dull thud against the side of the barn, and forgetting horses, storm, darkness, distance and everything else, I rushed from the infernal place, and with hair erect and the clamor still ringing in my ears, fled, nor paused to breathe till I had covered the entire distance between there and home, where I arrived, haggard and bespattered, as the first streaks of the gray dawn, the white winged angels of a glad deliverance, came to meet me from the east.

Quickly I told my story, with every detail of touch and coloring possible, you may be sure, and having succeeded by the earnestness of my manner in suitably impressing the minds of the entire family, a circumstance, in view of the character the place already bore, not at all difficult, I hitched up another horse, and in company with my father and younger brother, returned to the scene of my late horrible experiences, and the investigations we there made in reference to the noises and other phenomena will I am afraid, only disgust those imaginative minds which are always on the alert for startling denouements.

The gnawing sounds we found had been produced by the chafing of the wagon hub against a loose board in the haymow, and every time the animals reached forward after their fodder the movement carried a rusty, guttural, scraping of the turntable, which simulated the sound, "Joe, Joe," with sufficient nearness to mislead a cooler head than mine was just at that time.

The demoniac laughter which had so horrified me was of equally absurd origin, being simply the rattling and clattering of a thin, loose clapboard high up in the gable whenever a gust stronger than usual struck it. For the light I could find no explanation other than the only possible fact that it was simply a phosphorescent exhalation from a little swamp near by, one of those luminous methylic vapors, variously known as will-o'-the-wisp, Jack-o'-lantern, ignis fatuus, etc.

The place was infested with rats, and it was doubtless their scurrying back and forth over the floor which sounded so much like stealthy footsteps—either that or the falling of the large raindrops which found their way through the leaky roof.

There too lay the reptile which had so nearly strangled me—a long, soft strip of the inner bark of one of the cedar rafters, which, saturated by the rain, had fallen across the back of my neck as I stooped forward, and you can readily appreciate the sensation such a thing, unexpected and in total darkness, would be apt to produce.

While we were making these discoveries and remarking how a little daylight and good common sense will knock the props from under the best ghost story ever gotten up, we were all startled by a sudden rat-tat-tat on the barn door.

My father hastily unfastened it, expecting of course, to meet one of the neighbors, or possibly a strolling tramp, and I noticed a queer expression come over his face. There was not a soul there.

He had hardly closed the door, however, when the sharp rat-tat-tat was repeated, this time considerably prolonged.

Again the door was opened quickly, and again not a soul was in sight.

There was a little door in the rear of the barn, and, leaving my father and brother looking at one another in a somewhat *funny* manner, I quietly unfastened this, and as the knocking had recommenced, slipped quickly around outside to the front of the barn, only to see a large redheaded woodpecker diligently tapping away on the door in search of his breakfast.

We got away from that place with all the expedition possible, and ever since my skepticism in reference to the vivid and ornate stories of a similar character, which we so frequently hear, is pretty radically confirmed by the simple remembrance of my own blood curdling experience that night—with the ghosts.
—J. R. Parke in Buffalo News.

Tar Used on Masonry.

Coal tar has come into extensive use as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with water. Tar used to coat masonry built up of extremely porous stone renders it quite impervious even at a depth of fifty feet of water. Tar ought to be utilized in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art; for the dissolving action of water upon mortar even of excellent quality is well known, and also the disagreeable consequences of the exudation of water charged with lime salts from the mortar.

The tar may be employed in two different ways; it may be used in a boiling state in one or several layers, or it may be made to flame up before it is used. The first method is suitable for surfaces exposed to the air; the second is appropriate to surfaces which have to be covered up. When boiling coal tar is used in three coats on masonry, the result is a black and very brilliant varnish, which perfectly resists the action of frost, water and sun, and which is absolutely impervious. Its good effects last many years, and in many cases the use of a layer of plaster or cement is rendered unnecessary.

By adding to the coal tar an india rubber paste, produced by dissolving rubber clippings in benzine or petroleum, a coating may be obtained which is still more resistant, elastic and durable. The tendency of the black coating to absorb heat may be overcome by white dusting the whole before the tar is quite dry; the white adheres and the heat is reflected.—New York Telegram.

The Human Nose.

The human nose is an apologetic pimple compared with the magnificent organ of the horse or dog. Our sense of smell is, when contrasted with our sight and hearing, singularly undiscriminating. We can arrange sounds into series; we know E is between D and F; we appreciate octaves and harmonies. Similarly we can put the colors into order, decide upon the amount of blue in a purple and get almost to emotion at the sight of a white star in the blue of a summer twilight or of the amber sunlight glinting between the blades of glass.

But this serial arrangement, this sorting and selective choice, is entirely beyond our rudimentary senses of smell. To us the idea of the scent of the violet being a rich harmony, or the suggestion that the frying of onions is a discord, or that patchouli and the new mown hay are pleasant things in different times and keys, sounds utter nonsense. Our noses are entirely too dull to effect the analysis necessary before scents can be distinguished as complex and sorted and recombined so as to be made an æsthetic pleasure.—London Globe.

BEST FOOD FOR MEN.

WHAT SOME BRAIN WORKERS EAT IN ORDER TO DO GOOD WORK.

No Hard and Fast Rules Can Be Laid Down for Everybody—Individual Peculiarities Must Determine the Particular Food Needed for Each One.

Whether the old saying that a man's heart is reached through his stomach is or is not a true one, it is a scientific fact that the stomach is a highway to the brain. The exhilarating influence of a good dinner is sometimes shown in brilliant impromptu speeches, without a doubt. The cook is responsible for many of the accidents, the failures and successes of life. Not long ago a well known lawyer in summing up a case acquitted himself so wretchedly that the jury promptly brought in a verdict against his client. The lawyer afterward acknowledged that hot muffins at breakfast were responsible for his having lost the case. They made him irritable and insolent.

Curious to know upon what sort of food men of note do their best work, I recently interviewed some of the lights of the medical profession, law, commerce, theology and society.

Genial Dr. George F. Shrady, President Grant's stanch friend, declares that he must vary his food in order to develop and nourish, separately and collectively, the organs of his body.

"I have an excellent digestion and can take all kinds of food without feeling any discomfort," said he, "but I believe that the brain is most nurtured by sleep and rest. If we gratify our intellectual tastes we are feeding the brain vastly better than by any sort of material food, and consequently obtain better results.

"A friend once had as a patient a young author, who had been recommended to follow a strict diet of pumpkins. On this sort of fare he wrote a novel. Well, the offspring of pumpkins—roasted, boiled and stewed—is still looking for a publisher to launch it on an unsuspecting public!

"No one kind of food exclusively is good for the ordinary man. 'To be healthy, wealthy and wise,' as the old maxim goes, study the likes and dislikes of your stomach and regulate your diet accordingly (as I do) and all will go well."

Judge Roger A. Pryor laughed heartily when told that every briefless lawyer in town was anxious to know whether his spirited speeches might be attributed to squab, lobster or partridge.

"Tell them from me," said Judge Pryor, "that I am extremely fond of birds and dainties generally and that lobster a la Newburg is a toothsome dish I don't despise and that my brain works best when I'm free from indigestion. Tell these young men to follow the old Roman maxim and secure for themselves 'a sound mind in a sound body.'

"Hot breads, salads, ices and sweets form part of my daily menu, and as they give my body strength I am able to do my allotted share of mental labor. The body must first be ministered to by food and exercise, and then the mind will soon be ripe for cultivation. The reason, memory and imagination must each be nourished with the food it requires—logic, law, mathematics, poetry or art. Upon the idiosyncracies and constitutional peculiarities of each man depend the kind of food he assimilates."

Dr. H. P. Loomis thinks men pay too much attention to the specific uses of certain foods.

"Look at the enormous sale of phosphates and so called brain foods," said he. "There is nothing in them. If instead of wondering whether this, that or the other is good for him a man would simply follow the dictates of his own appetite we would be much better off. Nature places a safeguard upon excess by creating the sensation of satiety.

"When I have eaten some rich food that causes me some annoyance I take a horseback ride or other pleasant exercise and rid myself of the ill feeling, and in the future avoid that Welsh rarebit or venison that caused the trouble. Rest is really the best tonic for the brain. In two words I would give this prescription for happiness—'Avoid worry.'"

A prominent member of Sorosis, a really brainy woman, declares that the amount of food people require or think they require is largely a matter of habit. Said she: "It is possible to train the stomach to do with very little or to make its requirements border on the margin of gluttony. When the hunger is satisfied, brain achievements depend upon heredity and environment, and to them must be attributed all success or failure. The gardener who only cares for the blossom of his plant instead of directing his efforts to the root, will have but sorry fruit as a reward. Let mankind look to their physical perfection, and the mental and moral are sure to follow."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, the author and clergyman, believes the brain to be touchingly appreciative of all kindness shown to the stomach, and sullen and unmanageable when the latter is oppressed. At the same time allowance must be made for individual tastes.

"My food," he said, "must be taken at regular intervals and be largely of the farinaceous kind, while yours, possibly, may be taken when and as you chose. A single sandwich of caviar would incapacitate me for several hours. So, I say, be kind to the machinery of the body. After all, the best diet for the brain is a constant variety in the quality and quantity of our intellectual food."

There seems to be no particular edible which holds a magic power over the realm of thought but by selecting food with a view to digestibility. In individual cases the body is aided in performing its various functions, and the brain, with its other organs, is thus enabled to discharge its duties properly as well.—New York Herald.

Agricultural chemists estimate the nutriment of 100 pounds of cotton seed meal as equal to 318 pounds of corn or to 767 pounds of wheat bran.

An Astonished but Considerate Prince.

One of the leading families in Stuttgart gave a supper party to which the prince royal had been invited. His royal highness arrived a little before all the preparations for the feast were completed. Observing that he had arrived a little too soon, he decided to take a short stroll in front of the house while daylight was fading into dark. Suddenly a trim servant maid bounded out of the house and ran up to the prince, to whom she handed a parcel containing, as it afterward turned out, a large piece of sausage and some money, and exclaimed under her breath:

"You won't have to come today; we're having a large party; the prince himself is coming; so goodby till tomorrow!" and with that she gave his royal highness a couple of hearty kisses and disappeared before he had time to get a word out.

A moment later he perceived a soldier in his cloak, who was casting wistful glances at the lighted windows of the house, and asked him if his sweetheart lived there, and on the man's replying in the affirmative the prince continued:

"Then this parcel must be intended for you. The person who brought it sends you word that you are to come tomorrow, for she has no time today on account of the party."

"Much obliged; it's all right, I'll come tomorrow," said the soldier.

"She gave me something besides," the prince went on to say, "but I can't deliver you that."

"Oh, you may keep it and welcome," rejoined the soldier. "I've plenty here for today."

Everybody at the party noticed that his highness was more lively and good humored than usual. He narrated his adventure over the cigars and wine, but exacted a promise that neither the servant girl nor the soldier should suffer in consequence of the disclosure.—Leeds Mercury.

Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.

There seems to be a good deal of confusion in the minds of the public and the press as to what constitutes the difference between an "heir presumptive" and an "heir apparent," and one gentleman who has been informed that there is no "heir presumptive" to the throne at the present time, writes to inquire of me whether Prince George of Wales is not entitled to that designation. I should say certainly not. In point of law, the heir is the party who succeeds to an estate or a dignity by the demise of the previous holder; and a man can only have during his life an "heir apparent," or an "heir persumptive."

The Prince of Wales is now the heir apparent to the throne, and while he lives there can be no other heir. Prince George is the heir apparent to the princedom of Wales, and he is not heir to the throne at all, except in the loose and inaccurate sense in which all persons who may by any possibility become entitled are spoken of as "heirs."

The difference between an heir apparent and an heir presumptive is that the heir apparent must succeed if he survives the present holder of the dignity; while an heir presumptive, although the heir at the moment, is liable to have his right to the succession defeated by the birth of another heir. There cannot, therefore, be at the same time an heir apparent and an heir presumptive. Should the Prince of Wales succeed to the throne, Prince George, if then living, will become the heir apparent to the throne. Should Prince George succeed to the throne before he has children the Duchess of Fife would be the heir presumptive, her right to the succession being always liable to be defeated by the birth of a direct heir to her brother.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

He Wanted to Be Sure.

"I went down to Indiana not long ago," said a Michigan Central engineer to the reporter, "to see my folks, who live in a small town on a branch road that is about the worst I ever saw. At a way station a Hoosier came aboard, and a few minutes after he had curled up in the corner of a seat the conductor came along.

"'I say, conductor,' he inquired, 'is this train running now?'

"'Of course it is,' said the conductor, taking his ticket.

"Then he relapsed again, and in about fifteen minutes he beckoned to the conductor.

"'Is this train running now?' he asked as before.

"'Course it is. What's the matter with you?' said the conductor angrily.

"'Don't git mad about it,' urged the passenger mildly. 'I don't mean no insult. This yer train runs so slow that I can't tell when it's goin and when it ain't, and I've got to git off at the next station er the weddin that's set fer 6 o'clock won't take place, that's all. I hain't nothin ag'in you ner the road, but I'm jist a leetle mite anxious about landin in time fer the occasion, you understand.'

"The conductor apologized and the passenger was duly deposited at the appointed place."—Detroit Free Press.

The Sanyasis of India.

Popular belief in India still credits Sanyasis and other holy vagabonds with miraculous powers. Even the native journals often chronicle marvels like the instantaneous cure of incurable diseases, or the feeding of thousands out of a small measure of rice. One of these prints gives a description of how a saintly Sanyasi saved the lives of a certain rajah and his escort from a wild elephant. As the party was proceeding through the Lower Himalayas a monstrous tusker broke out of the jungle and set to trumpeting. The rajah and his followers were considerably scared, and were giving themselves up for lost when a noble looking Sanyasis appeared, and, standing in front of the travelers, told them to shout a certain order to the elephant. This done, the animal bolted into the jungle, while the savior of the rajah and his party vanished without waiting to be thanked.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT THE BABY WANTED.

Perhaps Parents and Nurses May Learn a Lesson from This Child's Journal.

Dr. Guster gave a German newspaper the brief but pathetic journal of a baby who, after thirteen days in this world, departed, leaving these reflections for our instruction:

First Day—Wonderful, heavenly! At last I am in this beautiful world! Who would have thought it, that one could breathe, freely breathe, and cry out what one thinks? I rejoice particularly in the sunlight and blue sky, in the fresh, pure air with its coolness. If I could only see and feel all this splendor!

Second Day—Oh, this horrible heat! I have been deceived. This air, this water, this light; how entirely different have I imagined it would be. But patience, all will come right by and by. The old woman who cares for me does not seem to understand me.

Fifth Day—Still no solution. If it goes on this way I cannot hold out long. The whole livelong day must I lie buried in feather cushions so that I can scarcely gasp down a bit of air. Two linen and one flannel binders, a little shirt, a flannel slip, a long cushion filled with feathers in which I am wrapped from head to foot, over this a coverlet filled with feathers, the curtains of my crib drawn to, the room darkened with double curtains, the windows closed, so must I, poor worm, lie from morning till evening. My burning skin is worse off than the hot stove near me, which can at least, as I feel, give off its heat. Oh, that I did know what I shall do. If I cry it brings the old woman with her milk, which increases my misery; if my hands are cold while my brain and skin are burning, she brings a few more wraps. I turn my half closed eyes from side to side seeking help, and my tormentor says "the baby shivers," and really heats the horrible things at the stove. Will no one come to my relief?

Tenth Day—Again a fearful night! I cry, but I am not understood. I must drink, drink and again drink until the stomach overflows. A half hour later they give me something with a horrible taste from a teaspoon. Air, air, pure, cool air, light, water! Shall I then have no help from this world?

Twelfth Day—Yesterday there was a great council of my aunts and cousins. Each one advised a different remedy for my sickness, but all agree that its cause is a cold. Warmth was urgently recommended, and I received a new kind of infant food just discovered and some strengthening wine, which heated my brain yet a little more, so that I was deathly still. My body is wrapped so tightly with the roller that my stomach overflows every time a teaspoonful of anything is given. My feet are forcibly extended and enveloped so I cannot bring them up to relieve the pain, but my feeling is gradually going. Would that all were soon over.

Thirteenth Day—Farewell, thou beautiful world. Thy light and thine air have been denied me, but thither where I go there are no fetters.

Pure Coal.

Much of our English coal is of a somewhat low quality. Not only does it contain slate and other earthy impurities, but also, unfortunately, pyrites, more than one-half of which consists of sulphur. Our coal fields are being worked out with a velocity which produces anxiety in the minds of all who are interested about the future of the country. We cannot afford to waste even the poorest kind of fuel, and the propriety of restricting exportation has repeatedly been urged with powerful arguments. But in the meantime the burning of impure and dirty coal is a source of tribulation to housekeepers and of injury to manufacturers.

A process of Mr. Luhrig's appears to be an improvement upon various previous attempts, renders it possible for colliery owners to clean, and to some extent purify, without great expense, the coal before it is sent away. The system involves a series of operations, in which are included dry separation, breaking, sizing, washing, recovery of sludge, automatic transportation, etc. It is said that the method is already in successful operation in many places, and from a sanitary, no less than from an economic, point of view every one must hope for its success.—London Lancet.

Some Remarkable Pipes.

Mr. N. C. Barney, a retired New York banker, has an interesting collection of pipes. One of them represents the trunk of an old tree, around which are grouped a party of sporting gentlemen with their guns and dogs, enjoying a hunter's meal. One of the members of the party is cleverly shown to be cutting with his jackknife the name N. C. Barney on the trunk of the tree, to commemorate, no doubt, the occasion. Each figure is a correct likeness of an individual member of the party. The owner's name is also carved on each of the game bags, and the delicate network around them is true to nature.

In this collection are also a few pipes that came from Alaska. They were made of walrus tusks by the Eskimos. Another remarkable piece is a cigar holder, on which is carved a Gordon setter, a favorite dog belonging to the owner. It is a perfect image of the dog, and from smoking the meerschaum had acquired a brownish red color, which is exactly the color of the dog.—Collector.

A Missouri Banking Method.

In Missouri they have little family savings banks in the homes of the people, given by one of the banks of St. Joseph. At stated intervals a representative of the bank comes around with the key, counts the money in the presence of the depositors, takes it away and gives them credit for the amount.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Mammoth Clock.

A new clock of large proportions is being made for St. Paul's cathedral, in London. Some idea of the size of this clock may be formed when it is known that the hammer which strikes the bell weighs 680 pounds.—New York Journal.

Slips That Always Raise a Laugh.

To few of us is it given never to make a slip of the tongue. On the contrary, most people have some unpleasant memory or other of some dreadful mistake they have fallen into, and even although years may have passed since the fatal moment when their lips betrayed them, they are still unable to recall the circumstances without again experiencing the agony and their cheeks displaying the blush which followed upon the first discovery of the slip. Take a few examples to illustrate what we have advanced. It was but a very small and even insignificant change of a letter which rather spoiled the impressive eloquence of a preacher, who, warning his audience against idolatry, in place of "Bow not thy knee to an idol," made a false step and said, "Bow not thine eye to a needle."

In the same way the young clergyman, with the correct Oxford pronunciation in giving the hymn, "Conquering Kings," merely stumbled over the first vowel, but being unable to save himself was hurried over the precipice and startled his congregation with the announcement, "The hymn tonight will be 'Kinquering Congs, Kinquering Congs.'" Much the same was the pitfall into which a reverend gentleman walked when in place of saying "Behold the fig tree, how it withereth away," by a simple transposition of two letters he asked his audience to "Behold the wig tree, how it fithereth away."—London Tablet.

The Sad Part of It.

A good soul in Ohio absolutely worships Dickens, even going so far as burning a candle before his portrait. She reads nothing but Dickens, and when he came here to read she wrote to inquire whether he'd visit the west. Receiving a reply in Dickens' own handwriting, her joy knew no bounds. Her hero could not leave the east, therefore she determined to go to New York.

Jones, the husband, demurred, but upon being wakened one night with the threat that if he did not give her money to travel like a Christian, she would walk, Jones succumbed. Mrs. Jones went to New York, had a private interview with Dickens, attended his readings, and returned home more rabid than ever.

When the news came of Dickens' death Mrs. Jones was inconsolable. Not long after Mrs. Jones' sister died, but owing to the illness of this sister's husband, whom she was obliged to nurse, Mrs. Jones could not attend the funeral. When the rest of her family returned they found Mrs. Jones reading "Pickwick" to the sick and bereaved man. As a relative approached the bed, Mrs. Jones burst into tears, exclaiming: "The saddest part of it all is to think that dear Sarah died before I had finished reading 'Martin Chuzzlewit' to her; and now she'll never, never know how it ends! Oh, it's too bad!"—Kate Field's Washington.

Electricity in Oyster Culture.

Electricity is about the last thing to be thought of in connection with oysters, yet a very close association between them has been established by M. Lacase-Dutheier, the well known authority on oyster culture. He makes use of the electric light in examining the stages of development through which the spawn passes. A glass cylinder is mounted in a cylindrical skeleton cage which serves as a support, and into this glass the water containing the spawn is placed. At the bottom is a silvered reflector, and the cover forms a parabolic reflector, in the center of which is fixed a small incandescent lamp. The reflector and sides of the glass cylinder act in such a way that but few rays of light emerge from the apparatus directly, hence the liquid is suffused with a soft illumination which is admirably suited to the examination of the contents. A modification of this little apparatus is now being employed in various researches into the life processes of ferments and the culture of microbes.—New York Telegram.

A Curious Fungus.

The department of agriculture at Washington has received from Consul Jones, located at Chin Kiang, China, a small bottle containing specimens of a curious fungus that actually grows from a species of caterpillar. Unlikely as it may seem, this fungus literally transforms the caterpillar into a vegetable, making the unhappy insect serve the purpose of a root. The caterpillar itself is the larva of a moth peculiar to China and Japan. When the cold of winter approaches, this moth bores a hole in the ground to a depth of three to seven inches and curls himself up to wait for spring.

While taking his winter sleep he is often attacked by a remarkable disease, which causes him to send forth shoots like a sprouting vegetable. These shoots appear and fructify above the ground like any other species of mushroom. This remarkable animal vegetable has no other means of growth than the curious one above described.—St. Louis Republic.

A Study of Eyes.

A story is told of the courtship of the late Sir George Airy, the famous astronomer. By reason of his timidity, he seemed doomed to be a bachelor for life. But fortune favored him and he drifted into matrimony in an unexpected way. An intimate friend remarked to him one day: "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the property of double refraction." "Dear me, that is very odd," he exclaimed; "I should like to see that. Do you think I might venture to call?" And call he did, and begged permission to examine the young lady's eyes.

The novelty of the situation may have fascinated him. At any rate he begged the privilege of a second look at the eyes in a clear light; the problem grew so interesting that he at length came to the conclusion to make it a life study. The boldness born of scientific curiosity enabled him ultimately to propose. He was accepted, and the strange courtship ended in a happy marriage.—London Tit-Bits.

THE BEST

protection
against sudden
changes in the weather
is to purify
the blood
with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
makes the weak
strong.

Has Cured Others

will cure you.

Princes Who Cannot Borrow.

In regard to the Prussian royal family there is an excellent law, which, had it existed here, would have saved us much money. No royal prince is allowed to borrow, and no one is allowed to lend money to him. If any one does lend he cannot recover. Acting on this law, Frederick the Great never repaid any Prussian who had lent him money when he was heir to the throne, for he deemed that such a person had not only violated the law, but ought to lose his money for having done an improper action. Were one of our princes to borrow money, and an application to be made to parliament to repay it, the strong probability is that the house of commons would follow the example of Frederick the Great. I would, indeed, go further. I would inflict a heavy fine on any one asking to be repaid by parliament and on any minister asking for a vote for any such purpose.—London Truth.

Judson C. Clements of Georgia recently appointed inter-state commerce commissioner, is a Baptist deacon and clerk of the Baptist association and its Sunday school convention.

William Pickett, a young farmer near Vandalia, attempted suicide. His sweetheart had jilted him.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 130 W Taylor st; G R Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 965 E Indiana st; Hugh P Morse, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Fraschere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday, Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 95 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3456 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3323 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 461 W Ohio st; D B Hanson, R S, 353 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Mihel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deullanier, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2015 Wentworth av; F N Mesinger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 6423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 525 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schiitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 282 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 474 Lorraine st; Ike Waugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Temer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cleero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 3:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brickel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 996 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; R P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hierabach, F S; Chas Trasoht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierosi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Ernste, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesly, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Tady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

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Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec, F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3602 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queraly's hall, 5749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderick, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 23—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 Lebocl st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Mulvey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3513 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5503 Jefferson av; V. P. M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st. at 2 p m.

Div. 5—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 949 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Morse Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 3 p. m. Thomas Cusack, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 819 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 2, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts Pres, Thomas J. Ryan, 196 S. May st.; Sec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., James Flynn; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, J. H. Shannon.

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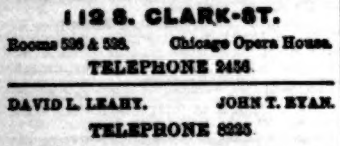

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To Our Friends and Subscribers: On Saturday, Jan. 16, 1892, The Citizen entered upon the eleventh year of its existence. During the ten years that have elapsed since its first number was issued, it has never wavered in loyalty to true American principles, and to the cause of Irish liberty and independence. It may truly claim that, through sunshine and storm, it has fought the good fight and kept the faith; and it purposes to continue in that path, with colors nailed to the mast. Its record, both in the American and Irish sense, speaks for itself, and it confidently asks the same liberal support from its friends which it has experienced in the past.

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The Citizen Newspaper Co.

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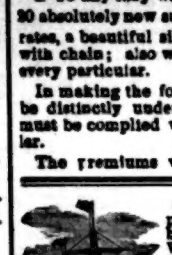

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Offer No. 2,035. The celebrated "P. S. Bartlett" Waltham full nickel, same as "Appleton, Tracy & Co., excepting special adjustment, in 50 dwt. solid 14k gold full engraved case (hunting or open face) sent to any subscriber for $50.

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